

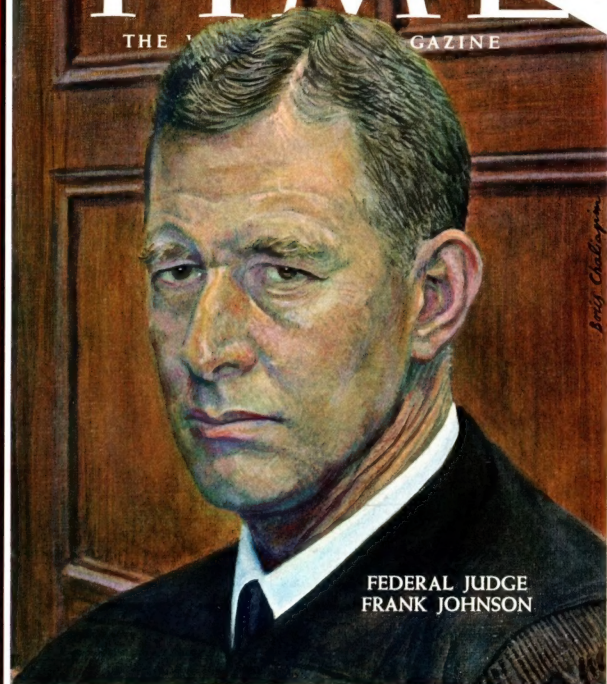
FIFTY CENTS

MAY 12, 1967

TIME

THE MAGAZINE

THE LAW AND DISSENT



FEDERAL JUDGE
FRANK JOHNSON

VOL. 89 NO. 19
(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



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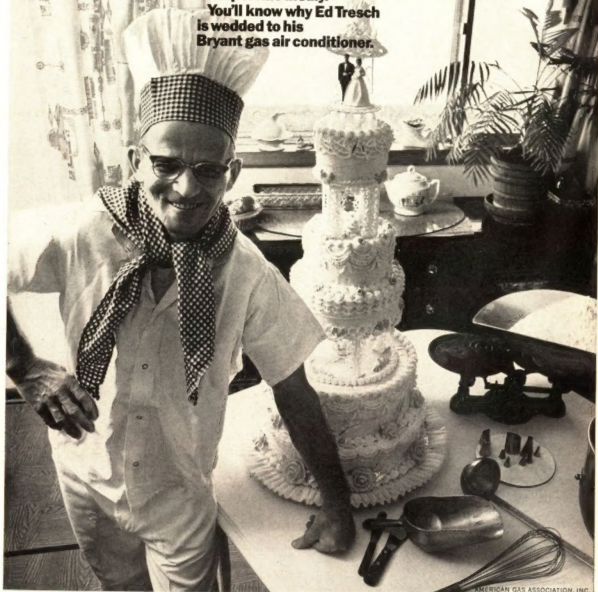


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A 16th-century traveler depicted these Chinese mandarins taking their ease.



These shipwrecked Arctic explorers wintered on an ice floe.



Volume includes excerpts from Captain Cook's Journal with illustrations of his travels and violent death.



invites you to voyage with the men who changed the face and future of the world in the **AGE OF EXPLORATION**

Examine this volume from the GREAT AGES OF MAN for ten days free

To 15th and 16th Century seamen, the open ocean was much more of a mystery and a far greater risk than outer space is to us today. Sailing with maps based mostly on myths, in ships no larger than present-day pleasure craft, using instruments that might mislead them by hundreds of miles, they braved starvation, scurvy, shipwreck, savages and superstition. They gambled with their lives to reach legendary lands where rivers ran with gold...where giants lived, and women with jeweled eyes that could kill at a glance...where men had no heads, and feel like umbrellas to shade them from the sun. Because neither men nor history can ever stand still, Columbus, Magellan and later Captain Cook set out with little more than a sail and a prayer to dare the unknown.

The Old World vs. the New

In *Age of Exploration*, you'll meet the men whose courage and curiosity changed the world. You'll see how they changed not only its geography, but its thinking, its politics and even its religion. Disproving age-old myths, they altered the patterns of medieval thought and prepared the way for a scientific methodology. Thanks to the men in ships, those at home became explorers too, seeking new intellectual horizons, looking at their own countries and cultures with more analytical eyes, more skeptical imaginations.

In contemporary prints, paintings and old maps, *Age of Exploration* shows you the men, the ships, the on-the-spot drawings of their seagoing artists. It tells you in the explorers' own words what it was like to sail beyond the limits of the medieval mind into the astonishing worlds of America and the Orient.

It re-creates for you the perils, the mutinies, the strange and savage encounters, and above all the faith that kept the ships moving forward. Here is a true story that easily outstrips the most colorful fiction...here is a time when men took giant steps in every direction, and the old and new worlds suddenly impinged on each other. Rousing reading for the whole family, *Age of Exploration* is also a valuable study aid for school ages.

Written by Professor John R. Hale, one of Britain's leading Renaissance scholars, *Age of Exploration* is one of a series of intellectual adventures brought to you by the Editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS. Under the heading, GREAT AGES OF MAN, each volume presents one of the high points, one of the most inspired periods in human history. In a unique combination of text and pictures, the books capture for you the great forward leaps of man's imagination and his achievement in every field of his endeavor.

The format of *Age of Exploration* is typical of the series. Bound in lifetime Kivar and cloth and stamped in gold leaf, it is art

book size: 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Nearly 200 pages, the book contains over 130 photographs—80 in color—of men, maps, ships, real and imaginary creatures and exotic places. Ordinarily, a book of this size, scope and beauty would have to cost \$7 or \$8, but thanks to our large print orders, you pay only \$3.95, plus shipping. And with your order you receive free a specially written 5,200 word introduction to the series by Jacques Barzun, distinguished scholar, critic and social historian.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 10

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). A private eye (Ricardo Montalban) focuses on a private secretary (Joanne Dru) during the search for murder clues in "To Sleep, Perchance to Dream."

Thursday, May 11

THE COLGATE COMEDY HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Thirteen first-ranking comedy stars bring back the routines that made them famous. Bob Newhart reverts to his hilarious role as "The Driving Instructor." Shelley Berman repeats "Is Your Mommy Home?" and Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks revive their "2,000-Year-Old Man." Phyllis Diller, to absolutely no one's surprise, just does what comes naturally.

Friday, May 12

CBS FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). *The Country Girl* (1955), with Grace Kelly, Bing Crosby and William Holden.

Saturday, May 13

THE SAM SNEAD GOLF SHOW (ABC, 4-5 p.m.). Slamming Sam, possessor of one of the game's smoothest swings, demonstrates the fine art of driving from the tee. Filmed at the Firestone Country Club in Akron.

ABC'S WORLD WIDE OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). On land, sea and in the air: the National A.A.U. Gymnastics championships from Northwestern State College; Natichoches, Inc.; the World Invitational High Diving championships from Las Vegas; the International Parachuting championships from Varna, Bulgaria.

Sunday, May 14

WHITSUNDAY SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 a.m.). An original oratorio, *Galileo*, has been commissioned to commemorate the appearance of the Holy Spirit to the Apostles on this seventh Sunday after Easter. Libretto by Joe Darion, score by Ezra Laderman, and featuring Basso Ara Berberian as the troubled astronomer.

DISCOVERY 67 (ABC, 11:30-noon). Viewers join oceanographers and marine biologists in exploring "The World Beneath the Sea" via underwater films, lab tests of a shark's hearing and vision, and talk about the sea as a source of food, oil and diamonds.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE AND RED DANUBE (ABC, 4-5 p.m.). A ride down the storied river for a look at both sides of the Iron Curtain. Austrian Actor Maximilian Schell is the guide. Repeat.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "The Mighty Atom" discusses all the new uses for atomic energy, and what lies in store three decades from now.

NBC CHILDREN'S THEATER (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Arthur Friedler's Boston Pops Orchestra brings Camille Saint-Saëns' *Carnival of Animals* to life for an audience of youngsters in Boston's Symphony Hall. Hugh Downs narrates.

THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS COMEDY HOUR (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Recent nominees for a TV "Emmy" Award, Dickie and Tommy team up in comedy and song with another

popular pair: Simon and Garfunkel, the poets of folk rock.

THE SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9 p.m.-12:30 a.m.). Marlon Brando, the sensitive German lieutenant, and Montgomery Clift, his American counterpart, portray *The Young Lions* (1958), whose paths fatefully and fatally cross during World War II.

JACK PAAR AND A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO HOLLYWOOD (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Jack gives Hollywood the back of his hand, recalling some classic film bloopers, running early screen tests of famous stars, lampooning overworked dialogue, and chatting with guests Judy Garland and Bob Newhart.

Monday, May 15

TOWN MEETING OF THE WORLD (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "The Attitudes of the World's Youth Toward World Problems," a transatlantic panel discussion via Early Bird satellite between a group of students from English universities on one hand and California Governor Ronald Reagan and New York Senator Robert Kennedy on the other. Charles Collingwood directs the give-and-take from London.

Tuesday, May 16

TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). *Love Come Back* (1962), with Doris Day, Rock Hudson, Tony Randall and Faye Adams.

CBS NEWS HOUR (CBS, 10-10:30 p.m.). A TV crew recently staged its own four-week live-in in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district to film this daily diary of "The Hippies."

NET JOURNAL (shown on Mondays). "Eton." A tour of England's prestigious prep school allows the visitor to mingle with the collared-and-gowned boys, visit rowing and cricket practice, attend a debate on North Viet Nam, assess the old customs and the new look in curriculum.

NET PLAYHOUSE (shown on Fridays). The 55-day court-martial of ten *Bonnie* mutineers in 1792 is the subject of "Acquit or Hang," an original play by Stanley Miller.

THEATER


On Broadway

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING. Robert Anderson taps a rich vein of comedy—sex—in four playlets that deal with sex on the stage, in middle age, as a parental concern, as a dimming memory. Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart and George Grizzard give a high polish to each nugget of humor.

THE HOMECOMING. In his play about the prodigal family of a visiting son, Harold Pinter uses words as the sea uses waves, catching his audience up in an inexorable rhythm, washing over them with sound, bringing forth currents and undercurrents of meaning.

BLACK COMEDY. Fireworks are best in the dark, and when the lights blow out in a London flat, a situation fraught with friction sets off sparks of hilarity. An agile and acrobatic cast keeps Peter Shaffer's latest dramatic exercise in amusing motion.

THE APA COMPANY, directed by Ellis Rabb, offers dramatic works for practically every taste this season in its repertory. *War and Peace*, *The Wild Duck*, *Right*



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 ■ **Dave Brubeck Quartet:** "Will You Still Be Mine" ■ **Doris Day:** "Sentimental Journey"
 ■ **Percy Faith:** "Spanish Harlem" ■ **Robert Goulet:** "If Ever I Would Leave You"
 ■ **Mahalia Jackson:** "If I Can Help Somebody" ■ **The Mormon Tabernacle Choir:** "Battle Hymn Of The Republic" ■ **Barbra Streisand:** "I Stayed Too Long At The Fair"
 ■ **Richard Tucker:** "The Exodus Song"
 ■ **Andy Williams:** "Danny Boy"



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CBS RADIO NETWORK

You Are if You Think You Are and You Can't Take It with You.

Off Broadway

HAMP tries a British youth for deserting when the blood and din of World War I overwhelm him. Though innocent of evil, he is guilty of breach of duty, and must be condemned. Robert Salvio is movingly effective as the frightened Private Hamp.

AMERICA HURRAH takes the temperature of urban U.S.A. and finds an icy emptiness at the core. Playwright Jean-Claude van Halbe deep freezes moments of modern American life in a chilling, stirring theatrical evening.

CINEMA

NAKED AMONG THE WOLVES. The story of the concentration camps has been filmed before—and with greater skill—but the theme of the indomitable prisoners bears frequent retelling. This East German tale of the inmates of Buchenwald attempting to hide a three-year-old boy from their Nazi torturers gives credence to the hope for civilization's ultimate survival.

ACCIDENT. The scene is Oxford. The story involves a worn don (Dink Bogard) who tries to be a Don Juan with a noble undergraduate while his wife (Vivian Merchant) is pregnant. Harold Pinter wrote the cryptic, skeletal dialogue. Joseph Losey directed.

LA VIE DE CHATEAU. French Director Jean-Paul Rappeneau has an appetite for the absurd and an unerring eye for casting in this fresh and funny farce about how in Gail all marriages seem to be divided into three partners.

PERSONA. Ingmar Bergman is deliberately difficult, but nonetheless fascinating, in this study of two women (Bibi Andersson, Liv Ullmann) whose personalities merge.

ULYSSES. James Joyce's masterpiece is a short story that exploded into a *summa* of 30 centuries of Western culture. Joseph Strick's adaptation is merely a pictorial précis of some of the principal episodes—but a good one.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Shakespeare possibly would not have recognized his comedy, but he certainly would have enjoyed watching Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in Franco Zeffirelli's lusty, sensual production.

FALSTAFF. Orson Welles may be the first actor in the history of the theater to appear too fat to play Shakespeare's "huge bombard of sack, that stuffed slunk bag of guts." In his compilation of five of the Bard's plays, some Wellesian genius flickers, but does not burn brightly enough to illuminate the long dull stretches.

BOOKS

Best Reading

A MAN CALLED LUCY, by Pierre Accoce and Pierre Quet, recounts the career of Swiss-based Master Spy Rudolf ("Lucy") Roessler, who accurately warned the Allies of every invasion from Poland to Russia itself—and was not believed.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER. A HIGHLY SELECTIVE HISTORY OF THE THIRTIES, by Robert Bendiner. A wry recollection of the not-so-long-ago days of 3.2 beer, 5¢ apples, six-month domestics and the Great Depression.

LANGUAGE AND SILENCE, by George Steiner. At 38, Steiner has earned a name as one of the leading U.S. literary critics and

a possible successor to Edmund Wilson. This collection of eloquent essays shows why.

MAY WE BORROW YOUR HUSBAND? AND OTHER COMEDIES OF THE SEXUAL LIFE, by Graham Greene. Though sex is the comic ingredient in this collection of short stories, Greene artfully proves that there is no desire so deep as the simple desire for companionship.

A MEETING BY THE RIVER, by Christopher Isherwood. In his usual charming, disarming way, Isherwood tells of a dissembling rascal who tries every psychological wile to keep his saintly brother from taking his final vows as a saint.

THE CHOSEN, by Chaim Potok, pits a pair of Jewish teen-agers against one another with a backdrop of Brooklyn in the closing days of World War II.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL. Old (94) Mathematician-Philosopher Russell's own witty account of his dour and dotty early life and career never explains—but does help people understand—why he is such a conundrum.

A SPORT AND A PASTIME, by James Salter. While his characters fall in love, the author has a love affair of his own with rural France. A fine and beautifully written novel.

FATHERS, by Herbert Gold. A nostalgic search for the essence of Jewish fatherhood by a loving son who tempers sentiment with just the right amount of irony and cynical insight.

THE UNCOMMON GIRL, by Caroline Glyn. A rangy, clumsy 13-year-old goes off to Girl Guide camp to find a few friends, but finds herself instead. Along the way, Novelist Glyn, only 19, points out some of the hilariously muddled drills that the Guides perform with girlish intensity.

JOURNEY THROUGH A HAUNTED LAND: THE NEW GERMANY, by Anus Flan. A searching and compassionate study of today's Germany by an Israeli journalist who never forgets that he could have been a victim.

DISRAELI, by Robert Blake. The wiles and wit of Britain's most prodigious Victorian Prime Minister, whose life as recounted in this excellent biography proves even richer than the many versions of its myth.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Arrangement, Kazan (1 last week)
2. The Eighth Day, Wilder (3)
3. The Secret of Santa Vittoria, Crichton (2)
4. Copable of Honor, Drury (4)
5. Tales of Manhattan, Anichinich (6)
6. Father, Gold (8)
7. The Captain, De Hartog (7)
8. Valley of the Dolls, Sussan (5)
9. Go to the Widow Maker, Jones
10. Under the Eye of the Storm, Hersey

NONFICTION

1. The Death of a President, Manchester (1)
2. Madame Sarah, Skinner (2)
3. Everything But Money, Levenson (3)
4. Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet, Stearn (4)
5. The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell (6)
6. Games People Play, Berne (5)
7. The Jury Returns, Nizer (9)
8. Paper Lion, Plimpton (6)
9. Division Street: America, Terkel
10. Inside South America, Gunther (7)



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on Mars, it will
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Scientists have simulated the Martian environment in the lab. And certain plants and animals thrive in it. So life could exist on Mars. But does it?

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CBS RADIO NETWORK



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If Mother's Day comes and goes, and you don't get that Long Distance call you're waiting for, this could be the reason:

Mother's Day is the second busiest day of the year for Long Distance calling. As on Christmas, our circuits are

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LETTERS

Foires of the Fairs

Sir: The stunning photographs of Expo 67 [May 5] and the informative article on the exposition have created an impression most of the press has failed to relay. I am sure many people are now convinced that Expo is a show that will never be duplicated and shouldn't be missed.

GARY WESTRY-GIBSON

Glen Rock, N.J.

Sir: As a Canadian working in the U.S. I read "Canada Discovers Itself" with interest, enjoyment and inner laughter, for the piece portrays the feelings of most Canadians factually, humorously, and with candor. Expo 67 will accomplish in one giant stride what Canada has struggled to accomplish for so long: to become a fully recognized country on her own merits as a power in the world's arena.

J. W. ALSEP

Wilmington, Del.

Coup & Counter-Coup

Sir: Your cover story on Greece and its besieged King [April 28] was excellent—objective in treating the King and the decent men who decided to save their country from Communism. The free world will be happier if fewer Castles take over; the Papandreou are worse than Fidel.

P. PANTAZOPOULOS, M.D.

Manhattan

Sir: As a friend of his for years, I do not recognize the man you describe as Andreas Papandreou. If you knew Andreas or his writings, you would know he is no more a "leftist" than the younger Hubert Humphrey, in whose alma mater Papandreou taught economics between Harvard and Berkeley. By this semantic sneer you justify another U.S.-subsidized rightist regime rejected by the populace in national elections. Your version of the coup imperils the life of Andreas Papandreou in a cynical "treason" trial.

(PROFESSOR) ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

New York University
Manhattan

Sir: The statement that "Greece today has not retained much of its ancient legacy of moderation and temperance" reveals ignorance. Scholars have long taken pains to show the absurdity of this view of 5th century Athens. "The most civilized society that has ever existed," wrote "Nothing in Excess" into its marble because it needed the reminder. It was prone to extremes because it cared. Like today's Greeks, 5th century Athenians were intelligent, thoughtful and energetic, so they were concerned, argumentative and politically active. Like George III, Tim has been viewing these people as a rabble—a mob; their political demonstrations (when the polls are denied them) are called "riots," and every spokesman for the people is a "politician"—with sneer.

GEORGE KAKKLEY

Alexandria, Va.

Who's a Radical?

Sir: Your attempt to present the philosophy of the New Radicals [April 28] is commendable—and an impossibility. There is probably not even one so-called New Leftist who possesses all, or even most, of the beliefs you attribute to them. There are doubtless many members of this amorphous but growing segment of U.S. society, who, for example, have never

even heard of Bob Dylan; there are certainly some who never "sing, when in doubt"; and there are many more than you have indicated who have made it to middle age and past.

The heroes of the New Radicals, as you rightly pointed out, are not turned-out, tuned-out dreamers like Timothy Leary and Allen Ginsberg. They are tuned-in humanists with the social conscience and the guts to speak out against what they know to be monumental wrongs.

KENT SUTHERLAND

La Quinta, Calif.

Sir: Students for a Democratic Society has reared its silly head here, with plenty of noise and the usual draft-defiant, carelessly offered protesters.

The rest of us are more actively involved. S.D.S. members are not in student government or other positions of leadership. It was we squares who spearheaded and supported the first "Festival of Ideas," which brought, among others, Vice President Hubert Humphrey, Robert Theobald and John D. ("Jay") Rockefeller IV, so we could seek further than just kick at the status quo. Our head football coach's interest in the students transcends the goal post. At a leadership conference, Jim Carlin said, "Don't be against something, be for something."

But S.D.S. wasn't around.

And for me, they never will be.

BETHANE CHRISTOPHER, '68

West Virginia University
Morgantown, W. Va.

Sir: As I read TIM'S Essay, I had the feeling I had read these things before. We, the classes of '37, '38, '39 and '40, could have been the subjects. We were just as idealistic and insufferable but with one large difference: no one paid much attention to us. Now, as I gag on the reams of print, the albums of pictures the news media give these youngsters, one comforting thought comes to mind—they, too, will grow up.

FELLEN ROHL

St. Louis Park, Minn.

That Lady from Russia

Sir: Svetlana Stalina's comments [April 28, May 5] are truly inspiring.

We in America can take heart from her comment: "In recent years, we in Russia have begun to think, to discuss, to argue, and we are not so much automatically devoted any more to the ideas which we were taught."

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By her own admission, religion has had a great influence on her. God is still alive and at work in our world.

JESSY DARIAND

Hutchinson, Kans.

Sir: A woman who has had three husbands and abandoned her children to go searching for God couldn't get a security clearance to sell hamburgers in a base PX. I hope our system doesn't get approval from the likes of her.

FRANK W. VAN LEW

San Francisco

Preferred Spelling

Sir: That was a fine article [April 28] on Governor Tieemann of Nebraska, who has done many courageous things since taking office, with more yet to come. Nebraska's new slogan should be "I-I-F-M-A-N-N, Nebraska's New Way to Spell Leadership."

KEN NICKOLAI JR.

Papillion, Neb.

Sir: The slogan "I-I-F-M-A-N-N, Nebraska's New Way to Spell Governor," has been changed to "I-I-F-M-A-N-N, a New Way to Spell Taxes!"

JOAN STORA

Omaha

Swinging Doors

Sir: As dean of admissions at a "white" college with a high proportion of "black" students, I was disappointed that "Court- ing the Negro" [April 28] neglected to mention the immeasurable wedge of two agencies in opening college doors. Negro students, from poverty backgrounds, are enrolling in integrated colleges because of the 20-year effort of the National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students. And the National Achievement Scholarship Program, funded by the Ford Foundation under the National Merit Scholarship Corporation, has uncovered and financed several thousand students in the past few years. Without the talent search of NNSF and NASP, the colleges would probably have continued in the various states of complacency still characteristic of the majority of our institutions of higher learning.

JOHN C. HOY

Wesleyan University
Middletown, Conn.

Sir: As the anguished mother of a girl who is rated 25th in a class of almost 700 students, received in the 690s on College Boards, and was put on the waiting list of two Ivy League colleges, I was helped by your story to understand the

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

May 12, 1967

Vol. 89, No. 19

THE NATION

THE PEOPLE

A Self-Corrective Process

Dissent—its nature, its acceptance, and what to do about it—was the issue of the week.

Said Essayist Paul Goodman, a self-styled anarchist, in the current *New York Review of Books*: "Some kind of martial law and thousands of arrests for sedition are quite thinkable."

Said Wyoming's Democratic Senator Gale McGee: "I have not noticed that

of a divided people. For the most part, however, his public posture has been to acknowledge his critics' right to disagree—and his own right to disagree right back (see *ESSAY*).

Thus, in a speech last week to White House Fellows, the President lauded their generation for its "questioning, critical spirit, skeptical of promises and rather impatient with results." He reminded them that they enjoyed "enormous freedom—freedom of inquiry, freedom of expression—yes, freedom of dissent." And that freedom, he said, "can never harm us if we remember that it is a two-way street."

The very next day, to be sure, he seemed to take a narrower view. The occasion—the posthumous award of a Medal of Honor to Marine Sergeant Peter Connor, who saved his comrades by hugging a grenade to his body—was hardly an appropriate one for a speech aimed at the Administration's critics, but Johnson seized it nonetheless. "Thousands of miles away from the battlefield on which he fell, his countrymen debate the course of the war he fought in," said the President. "The debate will go on, and it will have its price. It is a price our democracy must be prepared to pay, and that the angriest voices of dissent should be prepared to acknowledge."

"We Won't Go!" Not likely, or at least not very soon. On campuses from Harvard to Berkeley, a "We Won't Go!" movement is spreading swiftly. In the past three months, no fewer than 16 members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee have refused induction, echoing Stokely Carmichael's complaint that the draft is "calculated genocide" aimed at exterminating Negroes. Across the nation, the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King is trying to mobilize 10,000 volunteers for his "Viet Nam Summer," aimed at "organizing and educating against the war." When the President was asked during his first major press conference in nearly two months about King's recommendation that young men defy the draft, he paused a long time before replying. "We regret when any person asks the young people of the country to refuse to serve what we believe to be the needs of the country," he said in scarcely audible tones. "We regret it very much."

At one point, the President picked up from his desk a copy of a Law Day

speech delivered by oldtime New Dealer Thurman Arnold, 75, at Indiana's Valparaiso University Law School. A lawyer who helped Owen Lattimore and a number of low-level Government employees who came under attack during the McCarthy era, Arnold has impeccable credentials as a defender of dissent. Yet his speech was a blistering denunciation of "alienated intellectuals" who take the position that "dissent deserves special consideration, immunity from criticism and the right to shout



GOODMAN WITH STUDENTS
Freedom can never harm...

those who oppose our policies in Southeast Asia have been coerced into silence. If anything, the tempo of their vocal exercises has been increased."

Said Oregon's Democratic Senator Wayne Morse: "There has obviously been let loose in this country flag-waving propaganda designed to silence dissent."

Said University of Chicago Historian Daniel Boorstin: "Dissent is now in the hands of men who cannot bear to be embraced by authority, who are at their unhappiest when their ideas, as in the case of civil rights, are accepted by the authority they have failed against."

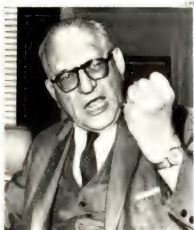
Ambivalent Attitude. Lyndon Johnson, the man around whom much of the talk swirled, seemed ambivalent in his own attitudes. At times, he has instinctively defended a free exchange of views, at others deplored the fact that Hanoi may misjudge dissent as proof



JOHNSON WITH NEWSMEN
... so long as it is a two-way street.

down persons who disagree with them."

Arnold recalled that Columnist Walter Lippmann, who thinks that the U.S. had no business sending ground troops to Asia in the '60s, also objected to American intervention in Europe in 1940 after Hitler's conquest of France. "Had Mr. Lippmann's advice been followed," said Arnold, "Hitler might have won the war." Arnold also noted that Chairman John Kenneth Galbraith of the Americans for Democratic Action recently bemoaned the possibility that a prolonged war in Viet Nam "could mean the death and burial of the Democratic Party." Snapped Arnold, a lifelong Democrat: "In other words, the Democratic Party is more important than the enforcement of international law." Replying to Senator Fulbright's well-worn charge that the U.S. is "arrogant," he asked: "Is it arrogance when we permit ourselves to be lectured by a Burmese



CONGRESSMAN HÉBERT
Which is more important . . .

citizen named U Thant and, instead of resenting his criticism, encourage and cooperate with him?"

"Even after the defeat of Hitler," said Arnold, "the intellectuals who are now condemning our efforts to enforce the international principle outlawing aggressive war failed to understand the role in international affairs which destiny had imposed on the United States." He witheringly attacked those who "think it is their function to portray the U.S. to the world as a stupid and brutal power unnecessarily killing thousands of people and burning villages. Their military advice is to stop shooting the enemy on the theory that if we did, the gratitude of the enemy would be so great as not to take advantage of us."

"Diplomatic Darwinism." The Republicans, who have been giving the President more support on Viet Nam than his own party, also became embroiled in the debate. A 91-page staff paper drawn for the Senate Republican Policy Committee—but not approved by the committee members—posed two questions about the war: "What precisely is our national interest in Thailand, Cambodia, Viet Nam and Laos? To what further lengths are we prepared to go in support of this interest?" The report attempted to disassociate Dwight Eisenhower from any connection with the current massive U.S. involvement and accused Johnson of "diplomatic Darwinism" in saying that his policy in Viet Nam is "part of a steady evolution from commitments made by earlier Presidents." In fairly general terms, it also criticized the conduct of the war.

Iowa's Senator Bourke Hickenlooper, chairman of the committee, said that he had released the report without reading it because he was worried that it might be leaked piecemeal and distorted. But G.O.P. leaders were aghast. Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, recuperating from pneumonia, left Walter Reed General Hospital and hurried to Capitol Hill with a statement: "We reiterate our wholehearted support of the Commander in Chief of our armed

forces." House Minority Leader Gerald Ford seconded Dirksen, declaring that an "overwhelming majority" of G.O.P. Congressmen agreed that "we're not going to throw Viet Nam into the political arena."

Forget the First! But it will be hard to keep it out. During House hearings on the draft, Louisiana's Democratic Congressman F. Edward Hébert went so far as to ask whether there was any way to "get around" the First Amendment in order to prosecute "the Carmichaels and the Kings" for urging defiance of the draft. When he was told that there was not, Hébert impatiently cried: "Let's forget the First Amendment!" Mendel Rivers enthusiastically supported him, and chimed in with a few unilluminating comments of his own. "There are only two ideologies in the world," he said at one point. "One is represented by Jesus Christ and the other by the hammer and the sickle."

There seems little chance that the debate will become more muted, even as the American involvement in Viet Nam deepens. Meanwhile, the President's advisers are prevailing on him to stomp the nation or at least take to TV in order to remind Americans of the reasons for the war and to rally support for it. So far he has made no decision. It is clear, however, that whatever arguments Johnson offers will have to be both eloquent and candid if he hopes to sway any appreciable number of dissenters to his side. It is even clearer that he can never hope to win them all over. Nor should he, if it is true that democracy's great self-corrective is reasonable dissent and debate.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Realpolitik in the '60s

Civilian strategists have long urged a reduction in the 260,000-man U.S. military force in Western Europe. They point out that the threat of Soviet invasion has receded, that a phased withdrawal of U.S. troops—particularly if met by a parallel Soviet drawdown—might further unlimber the exchange of goods and ideas between East and West. More immediately, a cutback in European troop levels would do much to ease the balance-of-payments problems that have plagued the U.S. Treasury and drained Bonn's Bundesbank for the past few years. Last week the U.S. routinely announced a reduction of its NATO force that will remove 35,000 men from West Germany, starting next January.

To some it was an auspicious beginning. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield welcomed the pullback as the first move toward paring America's overwhelming military dominance in a self-sufficient Europe. To others, however, it was an open invitation to renewed Soviet belligerence. U.S. Army General Earle Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, sharply disagreed with Defense Secretary Robert



THURMAN ARNOLD
... the Party or the law?

McNamara's decision, arguing that "there is no military justification for any reduction of military forces in Central Europe."

Belated Adjustment. The drawdown, resolved during seven months of talks among Britain, West Germany and the U.S., calls for redeployment to the U.S. of two infantry brigades and their support forces (28,000 men), plus four Air Force squadrons (7,000 men and some 100 fighter aircraft—mostly supersonic F-4 Phantoms); they will remain on instant alert for return to West Germany within two weeks in the event of a Soviet attack. Britain negotiated a 10% reduction of its 55,000-man Army of the Rhine, long a drain on Whitehall's sterling reserves. At the same time, the Bundesbank agreed to refrain from converting U.S. dollars into gold, and promised to honor its purchase of \$500 million worth of 4½% Treasury bonds—in effect a capital import for Washington—through 1972.

The agreement, which could be altered a year hence if any of its partners has second thoughts, represents a sound and simultaneous tripartite decision in a NATO split by Charles de Gaulle. Most important, it may prompt Moscow to transfer some of its 26 divisions in Eastern Europe to a more sensitive perimeter. Russia's 4,100-mile frontier with China.

In asking for the withdrawal of forces as a check on the increasingly worrisome U.S. gold drain, Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler said that this was a necessary precaution against the possible economic erosion of the Western Alliance. For an America caught up in a war in Asia, and a vigorous Europe with no foreign entanglements, the first major withdrawal of "cold war" troops from the Continent also signaled a belated adjustment to *Realpolitik* in the '60s.

LABOR

Euphemism of Postponement

Last year Lyndon Johnson promised a program to protect the nation from large-scale crippling strikes. He has yet to propose such legislation. Last week, faced with one of the nation's recurring rail crises, he pledged at a press conference to propose a workable formula that would exclude compulsory arbitration so hated by labor. Next day the President produced a plan that would astutely avert a strike—without eliminating compulsory arbitration.

It fell to Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz to produce a salable euphemism. With bureaucratic finesse, he described the new plan as "mediation to finality." The term did not mollify A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, who promised "vigorous" opposition.

Whatever its label and regardless of Meany's stance, the measure that Johnson sent to Congress has a good chance of enactment. Yet his proposal was only another Band-Aid for another crisis. A strike by 137,000 members of six shopcraft unions has already been delayed three times by Government fiat, and the wage dispute has been picked over by two separate mediation panels. Johnson's latest formula would deep-freeze the deadlock for another 90 days, while a new five-man mediation board sought a settlement. If there were no voluntary agreement by the end of that period, the outside mediators would dictate terms binding on both sides until January 1969. Then—after the next presidential election—the enforced truce could well be derailed once again.

One way to avoid such perennial disruptions—in railroads as well as other crucial industries—would be for Johnson to act on his broader promise to

propose legislative safeguards against any strike that jeopardized the national welfare. He has failed to do so, presumably for fear of offending big labor. But neither Congress nor the country is in any mood to tolerate a walkout as damaging as last year's airlines strike. Perhaps sensing this, Johnson said last week that he was renewing his "search for a just and general solution to emergency strike or lockout problems." By the White House clock, the best time for such action seems to be uncomfortably far off.

THE DRAFT

Broadening the Base

President Johnson's request for reform of the nation's draft laws got a powerful boost last week from the Senate Armed Services Committee. The committee unanimously recommended that the Selective Service Act be extended for four years beyond June 30, when some of its main clauses expire, and agreed with Johnson that: 1) 19-year-olds, the youngest draft-eligible group, should be taken before the oldest, the 26-year-olds; 2) post-graduate students, except those studying medicine and dentistry, should not be exempt; and 3) the President should be free to try out a lottery draft system, although the committee was far from enthusiastic about the scheme.

On the politically explosive question of whether deferments should be granted to undergraduates, the committee said yes. Johnson had failed to take a position on the matter, presumably for fear that if he opposed such deferments, he would only add fuel to the already flammable opposition to the war on the nation's campuses. In fact, though, a great many students object to the draft for the very reason that they do not believe that their academic status merits exemption from military duty. At a routine monthly meeting of the Yale faculty last week, the professors agreed, passing a resolution that opposed undergraduate deferments. The criticism of such exemptions centers on their unfairness to deprived white and Negro youths who do not have the money or education to enroll in college. While the committee action failed to answer that criticism, its various recommendations would make the Selective Service System considerably more equitable than it has been in the past.

The Armed Services Committee last week also recommended that the law be changed to permit alien physicians and dentists to be drafted until they are 35—a proposal that is likely to raise a howl of protest abroad. Even under the current plan, whereby an alien may be drafted up to the age of 26, there has been resentment by foreign nationals. The deaths in Viet Nam of three Peruvians who were drafted into the Army while living in the U.S. so incensed the Peruvian government recently that it

proposed a law to draft all foreign-born residents between 20 and 50. Though U.S. drafting of aliens has been harshly condemned, the fact is that only foreigners who are planning to make the U.S. their home are required to go into the armed forces.

THE SENATE

A Demeaning Indulgence

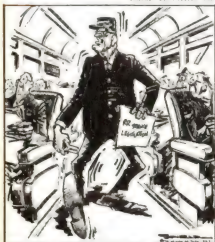
With inborn bayou cunning and every parliamentary trick and threat learned in 18 years on Capitol Hill, Louisiana's Russell Long has managed to mire the U.S. Senate in a month-long procedural gumbo. While many more pressing issues clamor for attention, the assistant majority leader has made his ill-conceived, hastily passed 1966 Presidential Election Campaign Fund Act the upper chamber's overriding concern. The measure would give up to \$30 million each to the Republican and Democratic parties from \$1 contributions checked off federal income tax returns. Though the Senate has already voted three times to repeal it, Long's crusade for his by-blow brainchild has been pressed with a fanatic zeal that has eroded the almost illimitable patience of his colleagues.

From Virtue to Vice. "Three weeks ago, I complimented the gentleman from Louisiana for his tenacity," declared Ohio's Senator Frank J. Lausche last week. "I now change tenacity to obstinacy. What I thought was a virtue three weeks ago, I describe as a vice today." Added Pennsylvania's Senator Hugh Scott: "The proceedings here have humiliated the Senate. I think we have become a laughingstock."

Long's powers—and powers of endurance—are no laughing matter. As chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, with lusty behind-the-scenes bravos from the Administration, which looks longingly toward the Long green in campaign treasure promised by his act, he has been in the catbird seat right from the beginning. Repeal of his



RUSSELL LONG
Patience eroded.



"NEXT STOP... PORTZBFLSK... FARSHECHRAU... AND KLOTZJMXSTY"

act was tacked on as an amendment to the important investment tax-credit bill^{*} sought by business and the Administration. Long simply faced down Senate custom—which dictates that a chairman protect committee bills from outside amendments—and allowed a plethora of fellow Senators' pet projects to be tacked onto the bill. When accused of "hinting" that he was deliberately tying up the tax bill as a strategy to save his Campaign Fund Act, Long boasted: "I did not hint it. I promised it. I promised that would be my course of action."

One More Vote. He meant it. Over the weeks, the tax bill became burdened with such extraneous amendments as tax breaks for parents supporting college students, cutting the age for male social-welfare recipients, restricting imports on beef and lamb, and cutting the depletion allowance for oilmen. "Ah'm game for anything," announced Long. When Mike Mansfield tried to halt the farce with a compromise motion, so much confusion and misunderstanding resulted from the intricate parliamentary procedures that Mansfield ended up voting against his own amendment.

Long met his third defeat last week after a 52-to-46 vote upholding an amendment by Tennessee's Senator Albert Gore that would repeal the Long act. As they have ever since the beginning of the struggle, Senate Republicans voted virtually en masse against the act, which would give the traditionally money-short Democrats extra campaign funds. Even with his latest rebuff, Long was not about to quit. "I'll need be," he said, "we ought to stay here until Christmas or New Year's to do what is best for the country." Snapped Mansfield: "I cannot believe that the Senate desires to repeat this demeaning indulgence."

With his colleagues up in arms against the undue waste of Senate time, Long at week's end promised he would abide by the Senate's wishes—after a fourth, and hopefully final, vote this week.

POLITICS

Enmity in the North

With all the venom of a Southern mob barring a school door to a Negro child, a handful of Northern demonstrators sought last week to deny the Dartmouth College auditorium floor to George Wallace. "Wallace is a racist, Wallace is a racist!" chanted Negro undergraduates as the Alabamian tried to address the student body. Then, led by a white instructor from Colby Junior College in New London, N.H., who yelled "Get out of here! Get out of here!", the students charged the stage. Other students blocked the rush while Wallace's bodyguards hustled him to



HECKLERS BEING THROWN OUT OF DARTMOUTH HALL
Only whooping up more attention than the speech deserved.

the wings. He soon returned, observing coolly, "Let's be in good humor now. I'll be gone in a little while."

When he did leave the hall, about 50 white and Negro students mobbed and rocked his car—with a frightened Wallace inside. No one was hurt, but the protesters dented the car roof and broke off the antenna. Wallace had gone to New Hampshire to drum up publicity for his third-party presidential candidacy, which he hopes to advance in that state's Democratic primary next year. The unruly reception at Dartmouth, besides violating his right to be heard and that of others to listen, only played into his hands by gaining him far more attention than his stock speech could have attracted.

While few in the overflow audience of 1,400 seemed to be Wallace partisans, most wanted to give him a hearing out of curiosity, courtesy or both. To the cries of "Throw him out!" one student yelled back: "We listened to Stokely Carmichael, so why don't you listen to Wallace?" (When the Negro militant appeared at the school last fall, he was subjected to a few boos.) When Wallace did manage to be heard, it was to correct "misunderstandings" about his state, to deny being a racist, and to denounce Americans who aid the Viet Cong by donating blood and money.

Dartmouth Dean Thaddeus Seymour and the student newspaper, which had invited Wallace, sent formal apologies, and the general feeling around the campus next day was one of sheepish embarrassment. It is impossible to embarrass Wallace. He described the demonstrators as pacifists who "don't want to fight the Viet Cong but sure can fight the police" and, alluding to the ear-racking episode, said the students were "expressing academic freedom—and academic freedom can get you killed."

Enigma in the South

The office door in Montgomery says only: WALLACE CAMPAIGN. Campaign for what? George Wallace leaves no doubt. Whether in New Hampshire or under the kindlier shadow of Jefferson Davis' statue in his home state capital, Alabama's *de facto* Governor is convinced that his all-but-declared third-party presidential candidacy can decisively affect the outcome of the '68 election.

It could indeed—if not exactly in the way that the ex-boxer from Barbour County anticipates. As a self-declared Populist, Wallace has a slick, simplistic charisma. He appeals to Southerners—and some Northerners as well—who are anti-L.B.J., anti-Big Government, anti-high taxes, anti-intellectual and anti-civil rights. Yet, for all his hopes of hurting the incumbent Democratic Administration, Wallace's campaign next year will in all probability boost Lyndon Johnson's prospects of reelection.

While the G.O.P. has realistic hopes of winning the presidency with an attractive moderate as its candidate, it cannot hope to carry the South unless its nominee is sufficiently conservative to neutralize Wallace's appeal. Former Vice President Richard Nixon has a considerable Southern following, but Ronald Reagan is probably the only Republican capable of consolidating his party's arduous—and still tenuous—*risorgimento* in Dixie.

Playing John Alden. "It would be a disaster to the Republican Party," Barry Goldwater has said of the Wallace candidacy. Opinion polls confirm this judgment. Thus when Michigan's George Romney ventured South last week, he made Wallace rather than the national Democrats his principal target. A third-

^{*} Already passed in the House and Long's Senate Finance Committee, the bill would restore 7% tax credits for capital investments by industry. The credits were suspended Jan. 10 when the Administration feared the economy was heading into an inflationary spiral.

party bid, said Romney, would be a "tragedy."

One of the big questions for '68 is how many Southern states Wallace might carry. In 1948, with a lower threshold of racial tension in the South and a campaign style considerably less zealous than Wallace's, Senator Strom Thurmond captured four states and 39 electoral votes for the Dixiecrats, posing a real threat to Harry Truman. Mindful of the defections to Thurmond, Vice President Hubert Humphrey has for months been playing Johnson's John Alden to Southern Democratic Governors—most recently and notably with Georgia's Lester Maddox—to preclude any repetition of 1948 or, for that matter, of 1964. So far, Lurleen is the only Southern Governor openly wedded to Wallace. As Virginia's Mills Godwin puts it: "I see no evidence that his methods or his candidacy offer a really effective means of protest."

The Spoiler. Less sophisticated folk, North and South, are not so likely to be concerned about the effectiveness of a protest vote for Wallace. He has every hope of carrying Alabama and Mississippi. He could take Louisiana and Georgia as well, and might make a strong showing in South Carolina. All five of these states went Republican in 1964, and might be expected to do so again in normal circumstances.

The biggest imponderable—apart from the enigma of Wallace—is the extent to which Southern voting patterns will be affected by the region's fast-changing social, economic and political structure. In both parties there have been some encouraging signs of moderation and modernization, but the turmoil that Wallace is capable of fomenting could destroy this progress. The self-described "spoiler" could also delay the Southern Negro's entry into mainstream politics. By 1968, Negro voter registration in the eleven states of the old Confederacy may exceed

3,250,000, more than double the 1960 figure. Though the actual impact of this potential vote remains to be seen, a third-party bid could keep many Southern Negroes at home on Election Day by stimulating K.K.K.-type intimidation, or encourage them to vote for extremist black parties. In any event, a Wallace campaign seems certain to exacerbate racial friction wherever he is a candidate.

MINORITIES

Boost for Pocho

Well aware that the Southwest's 5,000,000 Mexican-Americans constitute the second largest disadvantaged minority in America (TIME, April 28), and working from a concern rooted deep in his Texas past, Lyndon Johnson last week appointed Armando Rodriguez, 46, as coordinator of the new Mexican-American Affairs Unit of the U.S. Office of Education. Born in Durango, Mexico, and a former California educator, Rodriguez will supervise programs aimed at easing the lot of both *braceros* (Mexican farm workers) and *pachos* (a self-description used by native-born Mexican-Americans that the more assimilated consider pejorative), as well as innovating programs to dissolve the cultural barrier that keeps so many Mexican-Americans in proud poverty.

REPUBLICANS

The Making of a President

There was none of that man-to-man, shake-hands-and-come-out-fighting spirit that marks male contests for power. But then, the two contenders for the presidency of the National Federation of Republican Women were, naturally, women, and in politics the dame game is not the same as the masculine variety. Nor is it very ladylike.

"They made me look like I just dragged myself out of an irrigation ditch," pouted Mrs. Gladys O'Donnell at the federation's biennial convention in Washington, charging that her opponent's forces had doctored her photograph to make her look old and tired beyond her 63 years. "Old war horses," purred a supporter of her opponent, Mrs. Phyllis Schlafly, 42, "must fade away as old soldiers do, and give in to the younger ones."

As first vice president of the organization, Mrs. Schlafly, attractive wife of an Illinois corporation lawyer and mother of six, felt she should have been granted the presidency automatically, accused moderates on the nominating committee of having refused her the official endorsement because of her "wholehearted" support of Barry Goldwater in 1964. The title of her tract in support of Goldwater, *A Choice Not an Echo*, became a motto for Goldwaters, and now, said one of her followers, "the liberal rats" were out to get her. (Mrs. Schlafly claims that another of her tomes, *The Gravediggers*, was



MES. O'DONNELL & SCHLAFLY
Shake hands and come out clowwing.

the major factor in the downfall of Nikita Khrushchev.)

Mrs. O'Donnell, a Long Beach, Calif., businesswoman and pioneer aviatrix, charged that Mrs. Schlafly's right-wing views would create dissension in the ranks of G.O.P. distaff stalwarts in '68. Gladys also challenged some of her rival's original notions: one of Phyllis's more notable contentions is that the Johnson Administration has laid plans to legalize polygamy for the elderly. Anyway, observed Mrs. O'Donnell's ladies with quiet satisfaction, any responsible mother with all those children ought to be home with her family. After two days of such deep philosophical meandering, the delegates agreed, electing Mrs. O'Donnell, 1,910 to 1,494, as their new president.

INDIANA

Vote Power

Shouting, dancing Negroes weaved wildly through six downtown blocks of Gary, Ind., blocking the city's major north-south artery for nearly four hours. It was not a riot but a rip-roaring victory celebration: their chant was not "Black power!" but "We beat the machine!" Through the nonincendiary power of the ballot box, Gary's Negroes had ousted the corruption-ridden regime of Mayor A. Martin Katz (1958-1964). April 29, 1966 and nominated one of their own race as the Democratic mayoral candidate in next November's general election. With their support, Richard Hatcher, 33, a bright, articulate lawyer and city councilman, had indeed beaten the machine.

In contrast to Mayor Katz, who fought a demagogic battle for the nomination this opponent was "a radical, extremist, and advocate of black power!" Hatcher ran a smooth, cool cam-



WALLACE AT DARTMOUTH
Charisma, slick and simplistic.



NOMINEE HATCHER
Certain, if he were white.

paign, carrying his appeal to white as well as Negro neighborhoods, promising equal treatment to both. Though a fraction (4.5%) of the city's white voters did cast their ballots for him (as well as 70% of the Negroes), Hatcher indirectly owed his victory to the white-backlash that gave George Wallace the overwhelming support of Gary's white voters in the 1964 presidential primary. Openly appealing to anti-Negro voters, a third candidate, Bernard Konrad, siphoned off more than 13,000 votes that would most likely have gone to Katz—five times as many as the mayor would have needed to wipe out Hatcher's minuscule (2,462) majority.

If Hatcher were white, he would be certain of victory; the machine has made Indiana's second biggest city a Democratic fiefdom for more than 50 years. As a Negro, he must campaign on ability and personality. He has both, and already has firm plans to wipe out the prostitution and gambling that have made "Steel City U.S.A."—as its boosters like to call it—synonymous with vice in a large section of the Midwest. "I hope to give the people of Gary an administration of which they can be proud," Hatcher says without a trace of braggadocio. "I'm going to be the best mayor Gary has ever had."

ARKANSAS

Win's Way

The high cost of a political career will go higher if Winthrop Rockefeller of Arkansas becomes a model for fellow Governors. First Rockefeller decided to donate his modest gubernatorial salary of \$10,000 a year toward construction of a chapel at a state hospital. Last week he announced that he would supplement the salaries of a dozen state officials in order to attract qualified personnel. Win estimated the cost of that public service to be between \$20,000 and \$25,000 annually.

HISTORICAL NOTES

Reno's Last Stand

For nearly a century, the name of Major Marcus Reno has been tainted with the suspicion that his cowardice was responsible for the massacre of Custer's Last Stand. Last week Manhattan Bartender Charles Reno, a grandnephew of the ill-fated cavalry officer, asked the Army to return the major to full rank and take his body from an unmarked grave in Washington for burial among his comrades at Custer Battlefield National Cemetery in Montana.

Reno, a West Point graduate, was second in command of the 7th Cavalry's 600 troopers on June 25, 1876, when Lieut. Colonel George Armstrong Custer ordered the attack at Little Big Horn. For days, scouts had been telling Custer that thousands of Sioux and Cheyenne Indians were encamped in the area, but he had dismissed the reports as exaggerations. "I guess he'll get through with them in one day," he said.



THE MAJOR
Cleared, but not really.

In his battle plan, according to a well-documented biography of Reno, *Faint the Trumpet Sounds*, Custer gave the major three companies to attack the south end of the camp, keeping five companies for himself, which Reno thought Custer would use to support him if he ran into heavy opposition. Reno's force of 112 officers and men had barely forded the Little Big Horn River when at least 500 Indians hit the front line and left flank. No relief force was in sight, and Reno ordered his men to dismount and fight on foot. Against odds as high as 10 to 1, Reno's men managed to advance to the first teepees of the camp before the Indians started to cut off their lines of retreat.

Reno ordered his men to remount and charge through the encircling Indians in a desperate fight to escape annihilation. By the time the retreating force managed to recross the river, less than two hours after first fording it, 32 men had been killed, 18 wounded, and 18 were missing. Reno and his survivors hastily dug defensive positions atop a

hill on the east bank of the river where they were reinforced by three other cavalry companies, but remained pinned for nearly 20 hours, fighting off as many as 4,000 Indians. Only with the threat of the arrival of fresh troops under General Alfred Howe Terry did the Indians break off the siege.

Hurrah, Boys! Meanwhile, Custer had sighted the eastern edge of the Indian camp and decided to attack. Thinking the warriors were asleep in their teepees, Custer shouted: "Hurrah, boys, we've got them! We'll finish them up and then go home." With 205 men and a newspaper reporter, Custer charged—and the rest is history.

Reno's life from that day forward was a dismal descent into dishonor. Though an Army board of inquiry termed his defense of the bill "heroic" and cleared him of any blame in the massacre, he was repeatedly—and falsely—accused of having saved his own neck by failing to go to Custer's aid. The next year he was court-martialed for making a pass at a fellow officer's wife, and in 1880 he was dishonorably discharged on complaints—hardly startling in the Wild West—such as fighting, drunkenness, peeping in a window at the girl he loved, and unabashedly hiccuping at a dinner party. Though he had served with such distinction in the Civil War that he was given the rank of brevet brigadier general at the age of 30, Reno was never able to clear his name and return to the Army. He died in 1889, poor and friendless.

The Army Board for Correction of Military Records last week heard an intriguing explanation why Reno was hounded by malicious gossip and ousted on such flimsy charges. The reason, argued Reno Partisan Gene L. Fattig of the American Legion, was that "Mrs. Custer, who didn't happen to die until 1933, was obsessed with this matter. As a result of her persistent efforts to blame someone other than Custer, the blame fell on a man named Marcus Reno."



THE GRANDNEPHEW
Charged by the general's lady.

THE RIGHT TO DISSENT & THE DUTY TO ANSWER

EVERY day in every way, things are getting worse and worse. They are, that is, in the angry eyes of those who disapprove of U.S. policy in Viet Nam. As they see it, the very expression of their dissent is getting more dangerous. So it was that to Senator J. William Fulbright, General Westmoreland's report to Congress signaled nothing less than an onslaught of official repression that might silence dissenters altogether by branding them traitors. Said he on the Senate floor: "This, I fear, is one of the last times that anybody will have the courage to say anything else about the war."

The continuing chorus of dissent makes such fears sound absurd. The fact is that never before has the U.S. been so tolerant of dissent—especially in wartime. And that fact is all the more impressive when measured against the country's history. For dissent has flourished in all U.S. wars except World War II, when Pearl Harbor unified the nation. One-third of colonial Americans openly supported Britain in the Revolution; New England almost seceded in the War of 1812; the Mexican-American War was loudly scorned by such Congressmen as Abe Lincoln. During the Civil War, Lincoln himself was so revolted that at one point only one Congressman backed his re-election as President. Korea became "Truman's war"—and Ike's path to the White House. In scolding at Stephen Decatur's maxim, "Our country, right or wrong," G. K. Chesterton echoed many Americans: "It is like saying, 'My mother, drunk or sober.'"

There have been times, to be sure, when the U.S. majority has pilloried minority dissenters—to say nothing of abolitionists, suffragettes, Indians, Mormons, Irish Catholics, Chinese and Negroes. The U.S. was founded by fervent believers in free expression—who almost immediately ignored their own First Amendment. In 1798, Congress enacted the Alien and Sedition Acts empowering the Federalists to ruthlessly prosecute Republican editors for, among other things, criticizing the Government's undeclared naval war with France. Lincoln did not even consult Congress in 1861, when he suspended the right of habeas corpus for anyone his Government deemed disloyal. During World War I's anti-German hysteria, the 1918 Sedition Act prescribed 20 years' imprisonment for war dissenters. Superpatriots banned the teaching of German in 25 states, cheered sweeping federal raids on 60,000 "radicals" in 1920, and even put over Prohibition as a "war measure." In World War II, the Supreme Court itself approved the most drastic invasion of constitutional rights in history—the 1942 "relocation" in semi-concentration camps of 112,000 West Coast Japanese, two-thirds of them U.S. citizens by birth.

Painful Bind

For all that, freedom of dissent has made steady progress, particularly since the Supreme Court extended the First Amendment to the states in 1925. The right to criticize public officials in print, in speech and in the streets is now firmly rooted throughout U.S. law. The draft cannot be used to conscript critics; a conscientious objector can rely on any God he chooses. The civil rights movement has taught Americans to accept nonviolent demonstrations in pursuit of constitutional rights. The rejection of McCarthyism, the civilizing of U.S. criminal justice—such milestones have moved America ever closer to its professed ideals. Few today would cheer the jingoism of World War I, when a pacifist was likely to find his house painted yellow. Most would cheer what Justice Holmes called "free trade in ideas—that the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted."

There is always a chance, of course, that this state of affairs may change as Viet Nam casualties mount and a remote war comes closer and closer to more and more homes. For the present, though, the nation's tolerance puts the war's managers in a bind. While firmly endorsing free speech, Sec-

retary of State Rusk points out that "Hanoi is undoubtedly watching the debate and drawing some conclusions from it. If we were to see 100,000 people marching in Hanoi calling for peace, we would think that the war was over." To Rusk, as to many others, the inescapable conclusion is that U.S. dissenters are helping to prolong the very war they decried.

Such logic is not new, and it is not stifling dissent now any more than it did in the past. Rusk's words could have been used by President McKinley during the so-called Philippine Insurrection at the turn of the century, when 70,000 U.S. troops sought to "Christianize" Aguinaldo's guerrillas, and safeguard U.S.-Asian commerce in the process. Home-front critics of that war included Andrew Carnegie, Mark Twain, and ex-Presidents Harrison and Cleveland. A Negro editor called it "a sinful extravagance to waste our civilizing influence upon the unappreciative Filipinos when it is so badly needed right here in Arkansas." A few simple name changes and he could have been Martin Luther King blaming the cost of warfare in Viet Nam for starving the Great Society at home. Aguinaldo himself seemed to be little different from Ho Chi Minh as he pinned his hopes on the dissenters' pressure. "The continuance of the fighting," protested General Henry Lawton before the guerrillas killed him, "is chiefly due to reports that are sent out from America." Had Senator Fulbright been around he would have found reason to worry. McKinley's Cabinet actually debated whether to prosecute the *Nation* and three U.S. newspapers for treason.

Candor Shortage

At this sophisticated stage of U.S. law and politics, such extreme measures are unlikely. But while President Johnson bows to no man in vocal defense of dissent, he obviously takes a dim view of it in practice. He has called his critics "Nervous Nellies," and implied that all dissenters—even men of reason—are killing American boys. Clearly, he would like it a lot better if his critics would simply shut up.

What is needed by both the dissenters and the dissented against is not more repression but more expression. "When a nation silences criticism and dissent," says Historian Henry Steele Commager, "it deprives itself of the power to correct its errors." Johnson likes to add that the need for correction cuts both ways. "We must guard every man's right to speak," he says, "but we must defend every man's right to answer." His point is well taken—as far as it goes. He too often seems to forget that without right answers, the right to answer is pure propaganda. And candor from Washington is perhaps the biggest shortage in the Viet Nam war.

Just as the Government should replace cant with candor, so the dissenters need a strong dose of realism and responsibility. Among the great legal lessons of the civil rights movement, for example, is the rule that a demonstration must be reasonably related to a specific target of protest. Demonstrators who glorify the Viet Cong, burn flags or draft cards, urge the world in general to "make love, not war," are indulging in dissent for dissent's sake. They are staging a mindless happening devoid of rational ideas.

"Get out of Viet Nam!" they cry, ignoring the how and when. No matter that power and politics are vital necessities in a troubled world. As they see it, the U.S. is evil if it uses violence—even to combat violence. Dropouts from the body politic—to say nothing of reality—they have been beguiled by constant reminders of their freedom to protest. The right to dissent is subtly reworked until any dissent becomes right. And any criticism of that dissent is exaggerated into a wrong-headed, repressive attack.

The argument is too important to be taken over by its extremists. Dissent is empty without the suggestion of practical alternatives. Candid answers and explanations are required from the policymakers who must make the decisions.

THE WORLD



VICTORIOUS MARINES ATOP HILL 881 SOUTH
Somewhat like Dienbienphu—in reverse.

THE WAR

Arrow of Death

Forced to rationalize defeat after defeat in South Viet Nam, the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese army have been desperately searching for a major military or psychological victory. They have lately been emboldened in the search by highly exaggerated reports from their commanders in the South, who often multiply the number of U.S. dead by ten or 15 in order to please their bosses up North. The Communists have massed troops in unusually large numbers in and around the Demilitarized Zone, have directly threatened the provincial capital of Quang Tri and even the ancient Vietnamese capital of Hue 32 miles to the south. In an area where their strength is great, they gambled on a set battle with the U.S. Marines. Last week they came off second best in one of the war's bloodiest series of battles.

In a valley near Khe Sanh in the extreme northwest tip of South Viet Nam, only eight miles from the Laotian border and twelve miles south of the DMZ, North Vietnamese commanders thought that they had found a tactical situation that somewhat resembled Dienbienphu, where they inflicted the decisive defeat on the French in 1954. Before the Communists discovered that they, and not the U.S. Marines, were to share the fate of the French, several fierce battles were fought up and down hills so worthless that they had only numbers (representing elevation in meters above sea level), not names. In a Korea-like seesaw of hand-to-hand combat, two battalions of Marines took 1,000 casualties;

nearly 200 dead and 800 wounded. The cost to Hanoi was 1,200 dead and countless wounded among the North's freshest, best-trained troops.

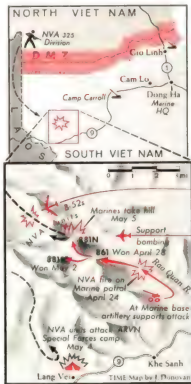
The Strategy. The terrain looked promising to the North Vietnamese. Near Khe Sanh, a shaft of the Ho Chi Minh trail comes out of Laos, headed by three hills that form an arrow. Hill 861 is the tip, aimed east into the heart of troubled Quang Tri province, around which some 35,000 Communist troops are drawn. Hill 881 North and Hill 881 South form the arrow's flukes. An area of choice coffee plantations and twelve-foot-high elephant grass, the Khe Sanh Valley was defended by a company of U.S. Marines guarding its airstrip and three companies of South Vietnamese in the Special Forces camp at Lang Vei (see map). The North Vietnamese, hidden from air observation by monsoon clouds and rain, had stealthily and expertly moved in through Laos and fortified the three hills into a vast redoubt for at least two regiments of the 325th NVA Division.

The twelve-day-long battle began when a five-man U.S. forward-observer team went up Hill 861 for a look; only one man came back alive. Two Marine platoons that followed were stopped at the base of the hill by heavy fire. With that, Marine Commander Lieut. General Lewis Walt pulled out all the stops, ordered two battalions into action. The Army's big 105-mm. and 155-mm. guns swung round to zero in on the enemy hilltops. Marine jets began flying sortie after sortie with 1,000-lb. and 2,000-lb. bombs and napalm, eventually dropped more than 1,000 tons on the North

Vietnamese. From the outset the Marine strategy was to take the hills at any cost, denying the enemy the killing high ground that would control the entire Khe Sanh area.

Hill 861. The first hill the Marines charged was 861. They reached the top but could not hold it under heavy fire from the entrenched Communists, who refused to break and run as they have so often done in Viet Nam once U.S. troops closed with them. The Marines withdrew and let the air and artillery knock off the top of the hill, blasting away foliage and great chunks of earth and rock. After that, the Marine tactic became, as Lieut. Colonel Gary Wilder explained, "to use just enough Marines to fix a target, then pull back and use our ordnance." The lethal rain of ordnance that they called in worked on Hill 861; two days later the Marines took it without difficulty. The enemy dead were larger and better fed than usual, and their uniforms were new khaki or tiger suits. Some even wore steel helmets, and many had been using high-powered sniper rifles with scopes.

One battalion of Marines then moved toward Hill 881 South, the other toward 881 North. Both hills had been mercilessly shelled, bombed and burned off, and Wilder's 3rd Battalion moved up the steep slopes of 881 South, fired on only by stray snipers. By early afternoon, one company was moving up a draw to the summit itself when the





CARRYING WOUNDED COMRADE
Back later to claim the dead.

North Vietnamese struck. Protected from the bombing in their log-roofed bunkers, the Communists had let the Marines advance into their very midst. Popping out of spider holes and bunkers everywhere, they opened up a murderous crossfire. Those Marines caught out in the open were cut to pieces by small-arms fire, grenades and mortars. One Marine's canteen, found later on the battlefield, had six bullet holes in it. Pinned down, the Americans heard the North Vietnamese calling out in English: "Put on your helmets, Marines; we are coming after you!"

It was several hours before the Marines could shoot their way back down the hill, able to carry with them their wounded but not their dead. Fifty Marines had been killed, another 150 wounded. All the next day the jets streaked in, backed up by B-52s whose bomb clusters turned hills into volcanoes as they raked along the Laotian border and the DMZ to seal off the area. Next day, Hill 881 South was a blasted moonscape of stumps and craters; the Vietnamese finally withdrew, and the Marines at last claimed the summit and their dead.

A Cold Rain. The northern peak of 881 proved nearly as difficult for Lieut. Colonel Earl ("Pappy") DeLong's 2nd Battalion. Halfway up the slope, the Marines ran into heavy fire from bunkers, and hedged down. A cold rain blew up during the night, and just before dawn the North Vietnamese came charging down from the summit, penetrating a company perimeter. Jerking on their boots, the Marines repulsed the attackers. But 28 Marines were killed and 61 wounded. Once again, the Marines waited and watched while air and artillery slashed at the Red bunkers dug in above them, reducing the hill-top to a bare burnt knob. A captured

prisoner warned that the Communists planned to hit DeLong's line again that night. Instead they hit the Lang Vei Special Forces camp, cutting through its defenses and blowing it up with satchel charges; they killed 39 of its defenders, including two Americans. The Marines listened helplessly to the attack, unable to leave their own positions to aid.

It turned out to be the last North Vietnamese thrust near Khe Sanh. When the Marines stormed up 881 North, twelve days after the battle for the valley had been joined, the Communists had withdrawn into Laos. The Marines counted 575 enemy bodies on the three hills and estimated that air and artillery had taken at least another 600 Communist lives—a "tremendous" toll, said General William Westmoreland, who visited the battlefield. "I don't think the battle is necessarily over," he added. "I anticipate further fighting in the area."

General Walt helicoptered into Khe Sanh several times in the course of the fighting and came under fire himself—to the extent that he was once forced to dive into a foxhole. The series of battles constituted, he said, the seventh time since the February 1968 truce that his Marines had stopped an enemy offensive. From the Laos-supplied arrow of Khe Sanh, the Communists would have had a straight shot east across Quang Tri province. By vigorously denying them that shot, the Marines may well have frustrated an even larger invasion directly southward across the DMZ.

Efficient Thunder

While the Marines fought their way to victory on the hills, the planes of Operation Rolling Thunder, code name for the U.S. air campaign over the North, continued to cripple the North's military potential. Having already knocked out the 738-ft. Canal des Rapides bridge, over which all supplies coming by rail from Red China funnel into Hanoi, U.S. pilots went to work last week chewing up the spider web of rail yards and lines north of the bridge. Time and again they hit other key targets on Hanoi's outskirts, including the Ha Dong army barracks, which had previously been immune from attack. U.S. planes knocked five MIG's out of the sky and smashed at least eight more at their bases in persistent attacks that in two weeks have accounted for the destruction of nearly one-sixth of the North's 120-MIG fleet.

In phrases reminiscent of World War II movies, North Vietnamese pilots began shouting "You die, Yankee dog!" over their radios as they closed with U.S. planes. It did not do much good. The dogfight score to date: 49 kills for the U.S. v. 17 for the North Vietnamese. Colonel Robin Olds, 44, a 23-kill ace in World War II (Time, Jan. 13), became the first U.S. pilot to destroy two MIGs over Viet Nam, downing a fast

MIG-21 in a swirling, 20-minute aerial free-for-all near Hanoi.

Three U.S. planes were shot down near Hanoi by anti-aircraft fire, which is the heaviest ever experienced in any war. The pilots were Colonel James L. Hughes, 40, of Iowa, Lieut. Colonel Gordon A. Larson, 40, of Minnesota, and Lieut. James R. Shively, 25, of Texas. According to the Russian news agency Tass, they were paraded through the streets of Hanoi, where they were greeted by "shouts of anger," then forced to appear at a press conference. The treatment was a clear violation of the Geneva Convention, which prohibits the humiliation of prisoners.

The pressure on the North has become so great that Hanoi has evacuated more than half of its 600,000 population to the countryside, dismantling factories and reassembling them in dispersed locations. Last week the Czech news agency Ceteka reported that Hanoi has appealed to its citizens to speed up their evacuation; it plans to leave behind only 150,000 of its 350,000 inhabitants. That is enough to man



COLONEL HUGHES AT PRESS CONFERENCE



LIEUT. SHIVELY UNDER GUARD



LIEUT. COLONEL LARSON & PHOTOGRAPHER
In the heaviest fire any time, anywhere.

essential industries, operate aircraft guns and keep the big docks in Haiphong harbor going. If the U.S. decides to mine Haiphong harbor, the dock workers will be able to go to the country too. Few ships are likely to knowingly run any such blockade.

The Biggest Boom

From the swamps of the Mekong Delta to the forests of the Demilitarized Zone, from the highlands abutting Cambodia to the sands of the South China Seacoast, all South Viet Nam thrums and bustles today with the American presence. It is not only the presence of 440,000 American fighting men but the astonishing buildup in a once-primitive land of all the means—and more—to

Commander General William C. Westmoreland tellingly summed up what the U.S. has wrought in a mere two years' time in Viet Nam. "Then there were three jet-capable runways," he said. "Today there are 14. In April 1965, there were 15 airfields that could take C-130 transport aircraft. We now have 89. Then there was one deep-water port for seagoing ships; now there are seven. In 1965, ships had to wait weeks to unload; we now turn them around in as little as one week. A year ago, there was no long-haul highway transport. Last month alone, 160,000 tons were moved over the highways."

In his first report to President Johnson, new Ambassador to Viet Nam Ellsworth Bunker told of inspecting the

ROBERT ELLISON/EMPIRE



BUILDING THE NEW PORT OF SAIGON
With depots larger than cities.

fuel, feed and keep armed the fighting men. Dredging out ports and rivers, bulldozing roads and jet strips, the U.S. has created virtually from scratch a vast command, communications and supply network able to support and supply not only present U.S. needs but practically any that may arise in the future (see color pages).

Gone are the days of bomb shortages and logistical bottlenecks. In an endless stream that reaches back across the Pacific, the freighters daily steam by the dozens into such new Vietnamese ports as Cam Ranh Bay and Danang, each a modern \$150 million harbor complex. By the hundreds, the air-cargo planes daily sweep in to disgorge their priority matériel, making Saigon's Tan Son Nhut one of the world's busiest airports. Depots larger than cities dot the Vietnamese landscape; base camps and artillery posts blossom in the midst of the raw bush; airstrips cleave the virgin jungle; forests of antennas in myriad shapes outscar the jungle trees.

In his speech to Congress, Viet Nam

port of Saigon and finding it "busy but orderly." A few months ago, before the U.S. built a second port upriver for Saigon, the city docks were so congested that goods were stored on barges, and as many as 35 ships waited in the harbor at a time. Today the improved flow has so increased the supply of goods coming into Saigon that it has driven down the black-market rate of the piastre from 173 to 145 to the dollar. The greater availability of things to buy, including rice, has eased inflation and lowered not only the price of rice but the country's cost of living.

Prefab Hootches. The largest U.S. base in Viet Nam is Cam Ranh Bay, once a sleepy village of fishermen. It is now well on its way to becoming one of the great ports of Asia, and plans are already in progress to make it a major commercial and industrial center once the war is over. Out of Danang flow supplies by ship, LST, truck, Jeep and river barge for the needs of the 73,000 U.S. Marines in I Corps. Cargo and troop-carrying planes hop eastward to

An Khe, home base of the far-ranging 1st Air Cavalry in the Central Highlands, and Pleiku, combat and supply center for the western highlands. Across Viet Nam the U.S. has built storage capacity for 1,666,000 barrels of fuel and some 80 acres of paved and revetted pads for 210,000 tons of ammunition. But not all the U.S. buildup has been for purely military needs. U.S. construction engineers have rehabilitated ten hospitals and built one from scratch in the Delta, all for the use of South Vietnamese civilians.

The basic buildup has progressed so far in Viet Nam that some amenities are now being added, such as semipermanent housing for U.S. troops, many of whom occupy tent cities when not out fighting in the field. A prefab factory at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airport is turning out frames, roofs and sidings for "hootches," airy, dormitory-style barracks designed for the tropics (complete with prepackaged toilet units). A two-story sprawl of buildings now going up at Tan Son Nhut will become General Westmoreland's headquarters, which is now in a brace of overcrowded villas in downtown Saigon. A new \$1,000,000 U.S. embassy is under way, and in the works are much-needed city-bypass roads for Saigon, Danang and Qui Nhon, plus an \$11 million bridge from Cam Ranh Bay's military peninsula to the civilian mainland. To ease the housing pressure in Saigon, engineers are finishing up a 16,000-acre U.S. city for 50,000 servicemen and officers at Long Binh, 15 miles away.

Texas-Tower Technology. Much of the vast U.S. construction was the work of a combine of four U.S. companies that brought 4,000 civilian-job bosses and engineers from the U.S., hired 8,000 technicians and equipment operators in Korea and the Philippines, and employed 40,000 Vietnamese. Already they are beginning to phase out their part of the construction program, which will eventually total \$1 billion—roughly 60% of the gross national product of South Viet Nam. On the enormous existing logistical platform that they helped build, the 40 military-engineering battalions now in Viet Nam can add anything required in the future, even for an increase in the number of fighting men to the 600,000 level.

Much of the U.S. buildup broke fresh technological ground. Utilizing a new type of aluminum matting, workers put down a jet strip at Cam Ranh Bay in a record 66 days. To break the shipping jam, preconstructed De Long piers were towed halfway around the world from South Carolina and sunk in place at Danang, Cam Ranh, Qui Nhon and Vung Tau ports. A new kind of prefab pier based on Texas-tower technology was designed in the Philippines and utilized at Danang and Saigon's New Port. To construct the latest U.S. base at Dong Tam in the swampy Delta, some 600 acres of sand are being dredged out of the Mekong River.

Each of the four logistical islands



PHOTOGRAPHY FOR TIME BY ROBERT ELLISON—EMPIRE

CAM RANH BAY

The biggest base in Viet Nam grows ever larger in a place where only a motley of shacks stood in 1964. Now it houses 50,000 U.S. servicemen and has two 10,000-ft. runways flanked by taxiways and aprons, shown here with close to 50 Phantoms.





**DANANG
EAST**

Most of the matériel for U.S. Marines in Viet Nam flows across the new, deep-draft piers at upper right. On a typical day, a dozen ships wait at anchor in Bay of Danang while other vessels unload.



**DANANG
WEST**



SAIGON RIVER

Major storage depot for U.S. construction firms was built on an island outside Saigon last summer, is already jammed with warehouses, power shovels, earth movers and trucks.

Like a forest of stalagmites, crates rise around the metal-roofed warehouses at lower right. From here, supplies are sent by truck and plane throughout northern part of South Viet Nam.

CAMBODIAN BORDER

Behind sandbag barriers that are reminiscent of the old West's wagon circles, 105-mm. howitzers protect 4th Division troops at a typical fire-support base in the jungle northwest of Pleiku.



DONG TAM

Marking the first big U.S. step into the Mekong Delta, this tent city is the newest and southernmost base in Viet Nam. Started last fall, it houses a brigade, will be expanded to hold a division.





PLEIKU

Clusters of microwave and tropo-scatter antennas are part of a telecommunications system—built and used wholly by U.S.—that covers all Southeast Asia and links with Pentagon by satellites.





PLEIKU

This airstrip has been greatly expanded since the attack on it early in 1965 triggered the U.S. buildup. C-47s and other prop planes use the 6,000-ft. strip for combat-support missions.

at Saigon, Cam Ranh, Qui Nhon and Da Nang orders, schedules, receives, stores and disburses more than 100,000 different kinds of items, from ammunition, tanks and jet fuel to fresh vegetables, frozen meat, typewriters and air-conditioning units. Significantly, the number is four times what the U.S. Army rates as the minimum needs of its present field force. So well served is the U.S. fighting man in the Viet Nam war that helicopter-supplied units can bring him two hot meals a day out in the field. Many a soldier or Marine is able to sit down in the jungle minutes before going into combat and eat shrimp cocktail packed in ice.

EUROPE

The Possibility of

An Instant Jump

Spring sunshine splashed through the glazed west windows of the House of Commons last week as Prime Minister Harold Wilson concluded his speech to a packed Parliament. "This is a historic decision," he intoned, "which could well determine the future of Britain, of Europe and indeed of the world, for decades to come." The decision was, of course, that of Britain to apply for membership in the Common Market for a second time. Four years ago the Tories applied, and were rudely vetoed by Charles de Gaulle after nine months of nit-picking negotiations in Brussels over such items as East Indian tanned hides and Australian kangaroo meat. In his speech to Parliament, Wilson made it plain that this time Britain's approach to Europe would be far different—and far more to the point.

Britain wanted, he said, swift negotiations relating only to "the small number of really important issues," such as the special problems of New Zealand trade, Commonwealth sugar and British capital movements. Of the Common Market's common agricultural policy, which, if applied in Britain, could raise food prices as much as 10%, Wilson quietly acknowledged: "We must come to terms with it." Above all, Wilson showed a determination that reflected support from both parties, from British business and from most of the country—the kind of national approval that was lacking four years ago, in large part because the Labor Party itself was opposed to the idea. As the London Times observed the next day: "The present situation of Britain has all the inconvenience of the temporary: it is post-imperial and pre-European. No realistic alternative to joining Europe exists."

Streamlining. For ten years, Britons have watched their own economy largely mark time while the six nations of the Common Market, spurred by their

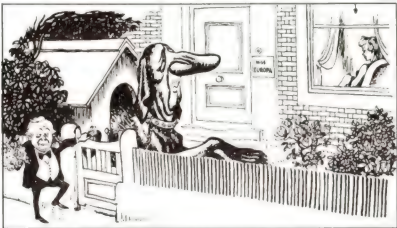
growing economic unity, have raced ahead. Trade among the Six has increased by almost half, their industrial output by two-thirds, their gold and foreign exchange reserves by 100%. Thousands of European firms have merged to take advantage of the market of 180 million that the European Economic Community has created, sending Volkswagens to Belgium, French cheese to Munich, Chianti to Holland, Dutch chocolate to Milan, in a great, borderless swirl of what were once national products.

Internal tariffs have been reduced to 20% of their original levels and will disappear entirely on July 1 next year. That is also the date on which a common agricultural policy comes into force, creating a genuine—and irreversible—economic union of the Six. Now the Common Market has begun to harmonize production as well as trade: it is working out a common business-tax system and single laws covering monopolies,

are queuing up right behind London to join the EEC. Of the other 11 A Seven, Austria already has in its application for association, Sweden and Switzerland are likely to apply, and only backward Portugal will be condemned to watch the rush toward a uniting Europe from the sidelines.

Most of Europe wants Britain in, just as it has from the very beginning in 1957, when the British first rejected a role in forming the EEC. But having come so far without Britain, the Europeans rightly feel that London must hold its requests for special privileges to a minimum, and this Wilson has promised to do. The exception to the European welcome is now, as before, Charles de Gaulle, who sees Britain as a threat to France's dominant political role in the little Europe of the Six.

The British bid was taken up last week in De Gaulle's Cabinet meeting, and a spokesman emerged to describe the French government's attitude as "a



PUNCH'S VIEW OF WILSON'S BID TO THE COMMON MARKET
A far different approach, and far more to the point.

capital movements, wage scales, social benefits, and even food and drugs.

To streamline the work of Europe, this summer the EEC will merge with the Common Market's two other institutions, Euratom and the Coal and Steel Community. The long and arduous Kennedy Round of tariff negotiations in Geneva show promise of producing a 20-25% worldwide reduction in tariffs, largely hammered out between the U.S. and the Common Market. In its relations with the outside world, the Common Market already has in force association agreements with Greece, Turkey, Nigeria, the Dutch Antilles, plus 18 former French colonies in Africa. It has trade agreements with Iran, Israel and Lebanon, is also currently negotiating with Austria; Spain and the North African countries are next in line.

Wait & See. Britain's addition to the EEC would produce an instant G.N.P. jump of one-third, and an increase in the Common Market to 235 million people. Nor is that all: Denmark, Ireland and Norway among Britain's European Free Trade Association partners

very British one: wait and see." Since negotiations are not likely to get under way before next fall, De Gaulle has plenty of time to ruminate. Just to keep in his hand, however, he announced that he would hold one of his command performance press conferences on May 16, at which he might—or might not—have something to say about Britain and Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN

As Good as Gold

The week's wash hung out to dry in the fitful Monday sunshine, the good ladies of Kensington Town, London, stepped out for their afternoon bingo game. As one bunch of Mums passed a blue truck parked in a side street, a voice cried out: "Lady, lady, will you phone the police? We are tied up in here." "Ah, you're having us on," replied Maude Smyth, 50, the archetype of English womanhood. I am home perm to sensible walking shoes. "Truly, lady," came the very English reply from inside, "if you look through the crack

Though in other matters Wilson was not faring so well, last week's Gallup poll showed that only 42% of Britons are satisfied with the Prime Minister at present, the lowest percentage of approval since he became Labor Party leader more than four years ago.

you'll see us trussed up like chickens." Maude Smyth and her three stout companions looked, and great consternation followed. For the bingo ladies of Kentish Town were the first to learn about Britain's crime of the year: the theft of \$2,100,000 worth of gold bullion.

What Twiggy is doing for fashions, a new breed of audacious British thieves is doing for crime. British crime has become both more frequent and more spectacular ever since the Great Train Robbery of 1963 whetted rascals' appetites for neatly executed communitarian operations—and titillated the imagination of millions with tales of rags to riches. British robbers these days are getting away with an incredible \$840,000 in loot each week.

Silent Thieves. The truck that Maude Smyth spotted belonged to N. M. Rothschild & Sons, a firm of merchant bankers. It was making routine deliveries of gold bullion to dealers about London when it stopped, as usual, to drop a bag of silver worth \$14 at a small printing shop on Bowling Green Lane. As the guard who delivered the silver bag was walking back to his truck, he was hit from behind. Hearing the usual two-knock signal, his companions opened the roll-up door in the back. Instantly, their eyes were blinded by a liquid squirted from a gas gun. "It was so fast we didn't have a chance. We couldn't even get to our coshes [billy clubs]," said one guard. Blindfolded, hands and feet bound with adhesive tape, the three Rothschild men were driven to an unknown rendezvous, where the silent thieves—believed to have numbered ten in all—relieved the truck of its contents: 144 gold bars weighing 1.7 tons.

The loot, unsalable in Britain, must be got out. But how? In Alec Guinness' *Lavender Hill Mob*, the gold was melted down into souvenir miniatures of the Eiffel Tower and shipped to Paris. In Ian Fleming's *Goldfinger*, the villain fled England in a Rolls-Royce whose body was made of solid gold. Scotland Yard has boarded and inspected all ships departing England—so far to no avail. Somewhere in England, the 144 gold bricks, whose telltale markings can easily be erased by melting, were probably bubbling merrily in a cauldron.

SWEDEN

Sartre's Séance

Banned in France by Charles de Gaulle and officially ignored by the U.S. Government, which it seeks to indict, the "International War Crimes Tribunal" of British philosopher Bertrand Russell finally convened in Stockholm last week. In the ultramodern Folks Hus (People's House) amphitheater, Jean-Paul Sartre, long a Communist crony, called together a sullen séance of left-wing conjurers who had reached their verdict long before the trial started. Had not Russell already said, after all, that the U.S. was clearly guilty of war crimes? Nevertheless, Sartre started off the session—Russell was too frail to come—with some typically exist-

tentialist flummery. "The tribunal's legitimacy," he proclaimed, "derives simultaneously from its powerlessness and its universality. We can receive no orders. We will examine the facts in our souls and consciences."

The 15-member tribunal, its staff and audience included a few eminent scholars, writers and lawyers, as well as blowzy leftist labor leaders, bearded boys and well-scrubbed young girls. What they heard was a grim recital from "witnesses" whom Russell had dispatched to North Viet Nam this year. They dutifully returned with reports of U.S. bombings of schools and hospitals, napalming of infants, experiments with antipersonnel weapons and numerous other atrocities.

Because of Swedish laws prohibiting public attacks on friendly heads of state, however, the Russell tribunal took pains to avoid mentioning the man whom they had really wanted to indict—President Lyndon Johnson. Though many of the Swedes do not approve of the U.S. course in Viet Nam, they were nonetheless embarrassed at having such a group taking advantage of their neutrality and free-speech laws.

GREECE

Democracy Under Siege

The new Greek government last week solemnly decreed that, under threat of punishment, Greek youngsters must henceforth give up their seats on buses to clergymen, pregnant women and invalids. Of such stuff, apparently, is the new Greece to be built. Ruling by dictatorial decree, the junta of army officers, who three weeks ago seized control in a swift coup, pressed ahead with

their plan to reshape and purify Greek life and politics.

So far, the purification process has been mainly one of arrests and repressions. In one indiscriminate slash, the junta outlawed no less than 279 Greek trade unions and social and political clubs, of which only a handful had actual far-left connections. It disbanded the youth organizations of all Greek political parties. The new government also banned 52 regional leagues of municipal officials throughout Greece and warned those that were left to stay out of politics. It dismissed as unreliable twelve mayors in cities and towns across the country. In fact, mayors as such may be going out of business anyway: the junta also abolished the constitutional clause guaranteeing local elections and declared that local officials from now on will be appointed by Athens.

High Treason. The junta arrested a handful of youths in Piraeus for scribbling antigovernment slogans on walls and sentenced six persons in Larissa to jail terms of 13 months to five years for speaking unfavorably of Greece's new masters. It scheduled for this week the trial of one of its star prisoners, Leftist Andreas Papandreou, 48, who is accused of conspiring to commit high treason as the alleged leader of the Aspidia plot. There was also an indication that Andreas' father, former Premier George Papandreou, might be brought to trial for treason. An approved rightist daily in Athens last week carried a story linking George to the plot.

The repressive tenor of the regime ran counter to the wishes of King Constantine, in whose name the officers had seized power (see box). After initially opposing the coup, the King decided to cooperate in an effort to steer the regime toward parliamentary rule, but his hopes hardly seemed justified. Brigadier General Stylianos Pattakos, 54, the new Interior Minister and a member of the triumvirate that really rules the country, mused to foreign newsmen that in the new Greece there would be a strong executive branch and perhaps no need for a Parliament at all. "We believe Parliament will be the Greek people," he said.

Editor's Protest. For the moment, the King and his subjects were stuck with the junta. When an earthquake leveled villages in the Pindus Mountains, some 150 miles north of Athens, King Constantine flew there to comfort the 16,000 homeless people—accompanied by General Pattakos. The trip buttressed the impression the junta wishes to convey: that the King is on their side. Actually, many Greeks, including the King, feel that the junta as it now exists is not likely to endure, and that one strong man will eventually emerge as dictator. It is with that man that the King must ultimately deal if he ever hopes to steer the country back to normalcy—and the dealing may be tough indeed.

So far, the only serious public protest against the coup in all of Greece came from a woman: Mrs. Helen Vlachos, the publisher of two Athens dai-



CONSTANTINE INSPECTING QUAKE DAMAGE
Purification by repression.

lies and a newsmagazine, who is not only one of the country's most successful newspaper owners but also a widely read political columnist (TIME, May 20, 1966). Rather than submit to the junta's iron-handed censorship and complete news management, Mrs. Vlachos defiantly closed her publishing company and furloughed her 285 employees. "They can't publish my newspapers," she said of the junta, "just as I can't drive their tanks."

Abroad, protests against the junta were becoming more pronounced. Crowds demonstrated outside Greek embassies in foreign capitals, and many

governments expressed open concern about the course of the coup. In a none-too-subtle squeeze play, Economics Minister Nicholas Makarezos made a plea for more U.S. aid—which would also give the regime the prestige it badly needs. "If the United States wants Greece to stay outside the Iron Curtain," he said, "it will have to give aid." But the U.S. was unlikely to resume any form of assistance to Greece until the colonels showed at least an inclination to return the country to normal parliamentary procedures.

For Greece, an even more immediate problem was tourism. Greece counts on

earning \$180 million this year from foreign visitors, but the coup frightened them away by the thousands. Bookings at Greek hotels have fallen 20% to 40% for May and June, and there has been a sharp decline in the number of charter flights from the U.S. and Scandinavia, two main sources of Greece-bound tourists.

At week's end, in an effort to dramatize the regime's stability and peaceful nature, the ruling colonels withdrew the remaining tanks from the Parliament building in Athens. But most Greeks could see that democracy in Greece was more besieged than ever.

THE KING & THE COUP

After a trip to Athens, TIME Correspondent Israel Shenker last week reported the circumstances surrounding King Constantine's discovery of last month's army coup:

THE King did not put out the light in his bedroom at Tatoi Palace, 16 miles north of Athens, until 2 in the morning of April 21. He was still awake when the telephone rang at 2:15. It was his longtime friend and adviser, Major Michael Arnaoutis, 39. Some men, reported the major, were trying to smash into his house. "Can you call the police?" asked the King. The major replied that he had done so, but that the police had been unable to stop the raiders. Then the connection was broken.

The King's first reaction was that toughs from the Communist-front Lambrakis youth movement had gone on a rampage, were perhaps even attempting a coup. Instinctively, he ordered the guards doubled at Tatoi, telephoned his mother, Queen Frederika, in the nearby Athenian suburb of Psychiko, to gather all the royal kin she could locate into her house. He then telephoned officers in his palace in Athens to send out a force to rescue Arnaoutis and protect the Queen Mother. He ordered the Navy to put to sea as many ships as possible.

At 3 a.m., his phone rang again. This time it was George Rallis, the Minister of Public Order, who had got reports of disorders. "Mobilize the troops in northern Greece," the King told Rallis. "Have them move down to Athens." Moments later, the King learned that his Premier, Panayotis Kanellopoulos, had been deposed and arrested. Guards then reported that three tanks had taken up positions by the gate of Tatoi Palace. Desperate for information, the King called nearby Tatoi military airbase. The duty officer reported that Tatoi had been seized. "Who signed the orders?" asked the King. "General Pattakos," replied the officer. The King knew Brigadier General Stylianos Pattakos, head of the Athens tank force; it was then that he realized that he faced not a Communist uprising but a rightist military coup.

At 8 a.m., three officers entered the palace and saluted the King. Constantine stood coolly about 10 ft. away, made no gesture to greet them. He knew only General Pattakos. The other two—Colonels George Papadopoulos and Nicholas Makarezos—he did not remember; a King does not usually fraternize with colonels.

Pattakos: Your Majesty, we have saved Greece in the name of Your Majesty and for the good of the country.

Constantine: Who gave you authority to save me and the country? Where are my Premier and my government?

Pattakos: You have no Premier or government.

Constantine: I don't consider that an answer.

Pattakos handed the King a letter from the army chief of staff, Lieut. General Gregorios Spandidakis. It explained that the coup was a necessary action to head off a Communist plot to seize control of Greece.

"How do I know this is from Spandidakis?" demanded Constantine. "His signature may be forged."

"On our military honor, this is authentic," insisted Pattakos.

Then Colonel Papadopoulos spoke for the first time, launching into a lecture about the dangers of Communism and the duty of the King to support the army. The King heard him out and then dismissed the three officers, but only after warning them that there were to be no executions—of political figures or others. He told General Pattakos: "Not a drop of blood is going to be shed, or you'll be held responsible."

In the early afternoon, the King got in his car and drove to the Defense Ministry in Athens, which was the coup's command post and was filled with all manner of prisoners, heavily armed junior officers and the ranking military men of Greece. The King confronted the leaders of the coup. "You are going to get three orders," he told them. "The first order: I want Arnaoutis brought here. Get him! The second order: Get Kanellopoulos and bring him here. The third order: I want to speak to the generals alone."

Obediently, the officers brought in Arnaoutis, who warned the King that anarchy was rampant. Next came Kanellopoulos, who advised the King to try to persuade the officers to return the country to parliamentary rule. Then with Spandidakis and the coup leaders absent, the King met alone with a handful of the highest ranking generals. "The people who are with me, stand up," commanded the King. All the generals rose, but as they and he both knew by now, it was the colonels who had the guns—and the power.

Then the colonels came back in and asked the King to appoint a new government headed by General Spandidakis. Constantine resisted. "You've succeeded in taking over the country," he said. "At least allow the Premier to be a civilian." To Colonel Papadopoulos he said: "You haven't got the faintest idea of how to run a country. All you can do is direct artillery fire." Eventually, the colonels agreed to accept Constantine Kollias, chief prosecutor in the Greek Supreme Court, as Premier. He was summoned to the Defense Ministry. Said Constantine to Kollias: "If you do not accept, my country will be in anarchy." Kollias accepted.

In the late afternoon the King drove home to Tatoi and had his first food since the night before: an apple. In the evening he returned to Athens for the swearing-in of Kollias. But he refused to speak on the radio or endorse the coup in any way. When Papadopoulos produced a speech that the junta wanted the King to deliver to the nation, Constantine bridled. "Stand at attention!" he snapped. "Who gave you the impression I was going to speak? Not only that, it's badly written. Take it back."

At the Cabinet meeting a few days later, Constantine told the colonels: "Don't become arrogant. Don't become bullies. Have only two ideas: First the people. Second, bring back democracy. If you believe in God, have him inside you. If I'm informed and if I'm listened to, I can help you."

SPAIN

God's Octopus

You want to be a martyr. I'll place a martyrdom within your reach: to be an apostle and not call yourself an apostle, to be a missionary—with a mission—and not call yourself a missionary, to be a man of God and to seem a man of the world, to pass unnoticed.

—The Way

The Way is surely one of the world's most extraordinary bestsellers. Written in 1933 by a Spanish priest named Josemaria Escrivá, it consists of 999 aphorisms (sample: "Be firm! Be strong! Be a man! And then—be an angel!") that come so close to Dale Carnegie's exhortations that it might well be called *How*

charges that Opus Dei already "controls the organisms that control Spanish economic policy and is in a hurry to appropriate the instruments of social policy." In Spain, rival factions within the Franco regime as well as its illegal democratic opposition both consider Opus Dei the principal threat to their ambitions because of the large number of members in government.

Privy Council. Franco appears to have submitted practically all of Spain's economy to the hands of Opus Dei. Development Planning Minister Laureano López Rodó, Minister of Commerce Faustino Garcia-Monco, Minister of Industry Gregorio López Bravo, Central Bank Governor Mariano Navarro Rubio and Ambassador to the Common Market Alberto Ullástrés are all members. Spain's sixth largest private bank (Banco Popular Español) is owned almost solely by Opus Dei members, and they reportedly control 13 other banks and insurance companies, 16 real estate and construction firms

career to join the priesthood. But instead of encouraging others to take up the habit, Escrivá began preaching that laymen who dedicate their work to God have as much chance as priests to achieve sanctity.

"Opus Dei," he said in a rare interview with TIME's Madrid bureau chief, Peter Forbath, "was born to tell men and women of every country and of every condition, race, language, milieu and state of life—single, married and priests—that they can love and serve God without giving up their ordinary work, their family or their normal social relations. My teaching has been that sanctity is not reserved for a privileged few. Every profession, every honest task can be divine." In Spain, the membership of Opus Dei includes movie directors, jet pilots, labor leaders, high-fashion hairdressers and, as Escrivá proudly points out, even a barber in Seville.

Directed at Youth. Given official Vatican recognition in 1950 as the



FOUNDER ESCRIVÁ

to Win Friends and Influence God. Yet *The Way* has sold more than 2,000,000 copies in 15 languages, including Tagalog and Swahili, and is now being translated into 15 other tongues. It is the only written credo of a rapidly expanding but widely misunderstood religious organization known as the Sacerdotal Society of the Holy Cross and Opus Dei.

Opus Dei, as it is commonly called, is a loosely knit organization of laymen and priests that Escrivá founded less than four decades ago in Madrid. Despite his counsel to "pass unnoticed," it has become the most controversial—and in many ways the most powerful—Spanish ecclesiastical invention since the Jesuits. Many Spaniards call it "Octopus Dei," and in Argentina it is widely believed to be a "holy mafia." Many Jesuits, in particular, consider it heretical in both concept and practice—a sort of Catholic freemasonry. Spain's Diplomat-Journalist Ismael Herráiz



LÓPEZ RODÓ



NAVARRO RUBIO



LÓPEZ BRAVO



ULLÁSTRÉS

Christian outside the cathedral as well as in.

and an industrial empire that includes five chemical plants.

Two Madrid newspapers are owned and edited by Opus Deites, and so are a dozen Spanish magazine and book-publishing houses and the nation's leading independent news service. Three Opus Dei members sit on the privy council of Don Juan de Borbón y Battenberg, the pretender to the Spanish throne, and an Opus Dei priest serves as confessor to Prince Juan Carlos, who is next in line. Moreover, the country's only private university, the Pamplona-based Universidad de Navarra, is an out-and-out Opus Dei institution, and Opus Dei professors are being hired with increasing frequency for chairs in state universities.

Natural Product. Opus Dei's great and growing influence in Spanish life is no conspiracy or intrigue but the natural product of a unique organization whose members, drawn largely from the professions and the managerial class, were bound to rise to the top in any case. Its message is a sort of Catholic moral rearmament—an opportunity for serious and dedicated men to live Christian lives outside the cathedral as well as in it. Its founder, Escrivá, gave up a law

Church's first "Secular Institute," Opus Dei is no longer a purely Spanish organization. Its headquarters are in Rome, and it is now active in 68 countries, including the U.S.—where it has established residence halls and study centers (which teach such mundane subjects as oceanography) for students in 20 cities.

In Colombia, the two leading candidates to become the nation's next President are both supporters of Opus Dei. In Britain, where Right-Wing Tory M.P. John Biggs-Davison is an Opus Dei proponent, the Queen Mother presided six months ago at the dedication of the organization's London residence hall. Opus Dei members run a language school in Japan, teach Indians in the Peruvian Andes how to read, and founded Kenya's first racially integrated high school and a secretarial school for African girls. Total worldwide membership of the organization now approaches 60,000, of which only 25,000 are in Spain.

In Spain, as elsewhere, most organized Opus Dei activity is directed principally toward youth. The organization operates more than 100 residences and study centers for students and young workers throughout the country. Its Universidad de Navarra, with twelve



'Until today, the most water Mike Larkin had ever seen was Willow Creek.

Say you're from Kansas.

What do you do when you discover 69 million square miles of Pacific?

You shuck off those shoes and you climb in. That's what you do.

For Mike, this big moment began a few hours ago, when he and his folks boarded a United Air Lines Jet.

First he tested the seat. Soft as a sofa.

Then he devoured a six-course lunch.

Then he chatted with the stewardess.

Prettiest girl he'd ever seen—even when

she wasn't smiling. That was twice.

Then he listened to six channels of music. Stereo even.

Suddenly they were in Los Angeles.

And now—the Pacific.

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separate faculties and an enrollment of 5,220, is acknowledged to be Spain's best university by far. Its graduate school of business administration, opened in Barcelona nine years ago in conjunction with Harvard, was the nation's first institution to teach modern management techniques on a graduate level. It operates a trade school in a Madrid working-class district known as "Little Moscow," a center for the ever-rebellious coal miners of Asturias, even maintains a "spiritual retreat" where bullfighters can escape at least the horns of the devil.

Chastity, Not Celibacy. Such are the demands that Opus Dei makes of its members that it takes a dedicated and devout youth inclined to join the fold. "Jesus is never satisfied sharing; he wants all," warns Escrivá. Although less than 2% of its members are priests, all members are encouraged to take the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. As interpreted by Opus Dei, the vows for lay members are somewhat less strict than for priests. Whether or not they have taken the vows, members may own their own cars and homes and salt away enough money to protect themselves from financial ruin, but they are expected to turn over all "excess" income to the organization. They may marry and have children ("Chastity does not mean celibacy"), but they must remain faithful to the "spirit" of chastity. Single members, moreover, must agree to go anywhere that Opus Dei sends them, and all must follow the guidance of their religious counselor.

The organization makes no attempt to tell its members how to do their jobs, nor does it try to influence their political thoughts. "Opus Dei has nothing whatever to do with politics," says President General Escrivá. "It is absolutely foreign to any political, economic, ideological or cultural tendency or group. The only thing it demands of its members is that they lead a Christian life, trying to live up to the ideal of the Gospel."

Although the presence of so many high-powered Opus Dei men in the Franco government has led to charges that the organization is pro-Franco, others of its members are in outspoken opposition to the regime. Spanish police last year arrested two Opus Dei professors of the Universidad de Navarra for putting up anti-Franco posters, and Opus Dei students joined a nationwide strike for greater campus freedom. Civil Law Professor Amadeo de Fuenmayor, an Opus Deite, risked his neck by going on record with a scathing attack on Franco's much-publicized religious-liberty law, calling it inadequate outside "the context of freedom in general." Within the government, Opus Dei Cabinet ministers, all of them brilliant young technocrats, have been directly responsible for the sweeping economic reforms that brought Spain out of isolation and into prosperity. They have also been among the prime movers of the Franco

regime's slow but unmistakable political liberalization.

Inevitable Suspicions. Most of the controversy surrounding the organization, in fact, stems from the very success in so many fields of its members, who are generally from the better-off, better-educated stratum of Spanish life. The Jesuits resent Opus Dei's incursions into Spanish education, and old-fashioned businessmen blamed Opus Dei when they lost their clients to brash young Opus Dei competitors. With their air of enthusiastic self-righteousness, Opus Dei members often irritate both laity and clergy—particularly since in many areas they accomplish more than the church. With their insistence that secular life should be Christianized rather than Christianity secularized, they raise inevitable suspicions in some quarters that they favor a practical union of church and state.

As for Msgr. Escrivá, he insists that Opus Dei "never becomes involved in any temporal affair." It is thus not surprising that he attributes the obvious success and power of the organization and its members to divine direction. Opus Dei was founded, he says, "without any human means. It was born small, but it grew little by little, like a living organism, as everything develops in history." The organism he rules is nonetheless an extraordinary one. A measure of its power is that no bishop, archbishop or cardinal—let alone a mere politician—has any power over it. Msgr. Escrivá himself is responsible directly to the Pope, and to God.

INDIA

Repeal for Profit

To most Indians, prohibition is as much a part of life as cow worship. Both of India's major religions—Hinduism and Islam—endorse prohibition, and Mahatma Gandhi, the leader of India's independence movement, made prohibition a top-priority goal. "If I could be dictator of India for one hour," he said, "the first thing I would do is to impose a nationwide prohibition." After India won independence in 1947, Gandhi's Congress Party gradually did just that. Although many loopholes remain and some 50 million of India's 500 million population manage to get liquor, the sale of alcohol is banned in most parts of India.

Last week the southwestern Indian state of Kerala, the most densely populated of the country's 17 states, raised a storm by repealing prohibition within its borders. The repeal was the work of Kerala's new Communist-led state government, but it had nothing to do with ideology: Kerala's almost empty treasury badly needs the more than \$15 million a year that liquor taxes would bring. In fact, many politicians in other states are beginning to re-examine India's official teetotalism, aware that they could use the \$1 billion or so that could

be collected in liquor taxes for education and welfare. In the Congress Party-ruled state of Maharashtra, the cabinet is considering a way to subsidize the cost of milk for Bombay's needy by legalizing liquor in the cities but still forbidding it in the rural areas.

\$23 Scotch. One reason that the states are willing to reconsider the ban is that it is so full of loopholes and so often violated. Foreign tourists, for example, can usually get all the liquor they want in the more expensive hotel bars in major cities. By the odd procedure of swearing out an affidavit that they are alcoholics, some Indians may get a monthly ration—at \$23 for a bottle of genuine Scotch, \$7 for a local product. Many nonalcoholics do not hesitate to swear.

The great majority of Indians who drink patronize speakeasies that sell ille-



BOOTLEGGERS WITH BREW-FILLED INNER TUBES
If Al could only see it.

gally brewed liquor at prices ranging from 3¢ to 15¢ a shot. The demand is so great that bootlegging in India is conducted on a scale that would have astounded even Al Capone. One survey counted 487 illicit stills within a one-mile radius in Bombay. To try to avoid detection by anti-brewery squads, bootleggers often place their stills near public latrines or tanning factories—so that those odors mask the pungent smell of fermentation. A favorite way to transport the illicit brew from still to speakeasy is in bicycle inner tubes that are wound around the carrier's body and legs. A government report charged that Indian bootleggers make it a rule to toss in broken-up flashlight batteries for tang, and to add cockroaches, lizards, cashew husks and orange peels for body. Not surprisingly, illicit liquor causes thousands of deaths each year.



FUNERAL FOR THREE BRITISH SOLDIERS KILLED BY TERRORISTS IN ADEN
Boardinghouse reach for a goat.

MIDDLE EAST

The Incubable Arsonist

Bonfires of hate burned menacingly across the Middle East last week, and the man with the matches was that incurable arsonist, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser. In Aden, grenade-tossing pro-Nasser terrorists roamed virtually out of control through the British colony's streets. To the north in Yemen, a regime that owes its authority to an Egyptian occupation army, acting on Nasser's counsel, all but dared the U.S. to break off relations with it.⁶ Even as far away as Kenya, Nasser's fine hand was evident as the Kenyan army discovered Egyptian land mines planted in dusty roads. Yet Nasser had his own version of what was going on. In a major speech in Cairo, he declared that "the war against us is a big war led by America."

Nasser spared few of his Arab brothers his scorn. He attacked King Feisal of Saudi Arabia as an "Anglo-American agent" who is "like a snake seeking to bite." He dismissed King Hussein of Jordan as "an employee of the CIA." Classifying his foes under the Communist label of "imperialistic stooges," he also called President Habib Bourguiba of Tunisia and the Shah of Iran "only the tools of America." He accused members of the federal government of Aden of being "traitors and agents" and

called upon them to resign and do penance. Traveling further afield, he claimed that West Germany, which he does not recognize, is "subjected to America." Then he sat down with the visiting Foreign Minister of Communist East Germany, Otto Winzer, to discuss opening diplomatic relations with that country.

Ironical Discovery. In his fight to win absolute control over the Arab world and crush such moderates as Feisal and Hussein, Nasser badly needs a scapegoat. For the past two months, he has been preparing a diplomatic confrontation with the U.S., which fits that bill nicely. He put his plan into action when the Egyptian economy, which had been nearly bankrupted by his foreign adventures, was unexpectedly given a boost by the discovery of considerable oil deposits in the Gulf of Suez and in the western desert. They will bring Nasser \$90 million this year and some \$150 million a year by 1970. Ironically, the oil was discovered by U.S. oil companies and will be recovered by them.

This encouraged, Nasser felt strong enough to make another play to extend his interests across the Saudi Arabian peninsula, perhaps hoping to add the oil-rich sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf to his coffers. His boardinghouse reach even stretches southward across the Gulf of Aden, where he is aiding Somali terrorists who lay claim to one-fourth of the northern territory of Jomo Kenyatta's Kenya. The Kenyan government, incensed by evidences of Egyptian aid to the rebels, called on Nasser to cease supplying them and said that it is ready to go to war with Somalia unless the border conflict ceases.

Reluctant Plea. Nasser disavows any intention of sending troops into Aden when the British grant that colony inde-

pendence next year. But the terrorist organizations that he supports have made it all but impossible for Britain to make an orderly withdrawal from either Aden or the larger South Arabian Federation, of which it is a part. They have refused to take part in any coalition with the British-backed government. Instead, the Nasserite Front for the Liberation of Occupied South Yemen (FLOSY) is training an army of more than 5,000 men in nearby Yemen to take over when the British leave. Even as the British started evacuating the first of their 8,000 dependents last week, Arab extremists were threatening harm to their women and children. Those threats so far were just that, but elsewhere a total of 20 Arabs were killed during the week, seven of them children whose school bus blew up when it rolled over an anti-tank mine planted in the road. Several British soldiers were among nearly 100 persons who have been killed so far this year in Aden.

To blunt Nasser's thrust, King Hussein of Jordan went to Teheran last week for talks with the Shah of Iran. This week King Feisal, the leader of the more moderate Arab regimes, goes to London to make a plea for more arms aid. "We are obliged, however reluctantly, to defend ourselves," says Feisal, whose country is also infiltrated with pro-Nasser terrorists and has been bombed by Egyptian planes. The British are helping Feisal strengthen his army and build an air defense system. In London, he is expected to ask the British to refrain from the moment from giving arms aid to royalist guerrillas in Yemen so that the latter do not incite a showdown with Egypt and Nasser's puppet in Yemen, Abdullah Sallal, before Saudi Arabia is ready to fight.

SOUTH KOREA

Proof at the Polls

Four years ago, South Korea's tough little retired army general Chung Hee Park scraped into the presidency with a bare 156,000-vote margin over former President (1960-62) and onetime Archaeologist Park Yun, 69. Last week, Park showed just how far he and his country have come in those four years. In South Korea's most peaceful election in postwar years, more than 11 million out of 14 million eligible voters turned out to give Park and his reform-minded Democratic Republican Party a margin of more than 1,000,000 votes over Yun.

Park's victory was a defeat not only for Yun but for the old-style politicians and the brand of factionalism that they represented. It was a major display of maturing political organizations as South Korea moves from the traditional Oriental politics of the elite to popular party rule. "Now that the election is over," Park told Koreans in a brief victory statement, "it is time for all of us to lay aside our differences and work together to modernize our country."

⁶ The U.S. has evacuated 130 Americans from Yemen because of harassment of its AID mission by the republican regime of Abdullah Sallal. Two AID officials, Stephen Lapis, 33, and Harold Hartman, 36, have been jailed on trumped-up charges that they were caught attempting to blow up an ammunition dump with a bazooka. The U.S. has protested vigorously, but has hesitated to break relations lest it have to abandon Lapis and Hartman and give up its diplomatic listening posts in Yemen.

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PEOPLE



SANDY AMORÓS & FAMILY
Out of the bush.

For years, he liked to spend the off season at home, playing for Havana in the Cuban Winter League. Then, in 1962, former Brooklyn Dodger Outfielder Sandy Amorós, who saved the 1955 World Series for the Bums with his spectacular centerfield snag off Yogi Berra, took a very mean curve from Fidel Castro. The Beard decided that Sandy should stay in the bush league, kept him in Cuba for five years. Finally Sandy, 37, succeeded in getting passage for himself, his wife Migdalia and 13-year-old daughter Eloisa aboard one of the twice-daily Varadero-to-Miami freedom shuttles that have ferried almost 64,000 refugees from Cuba in the past 17 months. As usual, Castro confiscated all his property and money. "I no have anything except my family and my freedom," said he, "but that is good now." It got better when the Los Angeles Dodgers announced that they were signing Sandy on for five days to let him qualify for a major-league pension.

Casting about for a paizan whose image and reputation were untouchable, the year-old American-Italian Anti-Defamation League reached into the pack and pulled out Frank Sinatra, 51, to be its national chairman in a campaign to convince the nation that not everyone of Italian descent is a *capo mafioso*. "It is an honor," said Frank in Miami Beach, where he is shooting a gangster flick called *Tony Rome*. "To me, any type of discrimination is anti-American."

Having lost six campaigns for the House of Commons, Randolph Churchill, 55, is understandably grouchy about the British system of electioneering. "It's degrading," grumbled Winnie's son

in a London television interview, bemoaning the blood, sweat and tears involved in being selected by party officials to stand for the House. "They look at your wife, if you've got one," explained Randolph, who has two ex-wives, "and you lose votes if you don't. If you do have a wife, they look at her hat, they look at her legs, they look at how she's turned out. They might be judging fat cattle or something. It's all very depressing."

After his epic bust-up with Jerry Lewis in 1956, Crooner Dean Martin seemed to have little more to offer than any boozily pattering straight man with a boxish twinkle and a set of imitation Crosby-Como tonsils. Indeed, a lot of his enemies and some of his friends thought that Dino would likely end his career croaking in cocktail lounges from Far Rockaway to Skokie. But there seems to be quite a market for patter and twinkle these days. Variety reported last week that Martin, 49, from his



DEAN MARTIN
Into the money.

TV variety series, record royalties, club dates and movie lucre, earns nearly \$5,000,000 per annum.

"I hope," said the guest of honor, "that you all will have marriages as successful as mine and you all will live as long as I have." The 450 guests at the reception in Columbia, S.C., would all have to be pretty optimistic to hope for both. Former Secretary of State James F. Byrnes had a double holiday with his wife, Maude, celebrating his 88th birthday and their 61st wedding anniversary.

With the corporation's 80 hostelries dotting the earth from Nicosia to Vancouver, Barron Hilton, 39, Conrad's son and head of the Hilton operation in the U.S., figures it's time to start thinking of farther-out sites for another inn. In a speech before the American Astronautical Society in Dallas, Barron launched into a description of his plans

for the Lunar Hilton, an underground 100-room hotel to be built just below the moon's crust. "In almost every respect it will be physically like an earth Hilton," he explained, calculating that construction can start as soon as mass space travel gets off the ground. There will be wall-to-wall TV sets, a cocktail lounge and a nuclear-reactor kitchen to serve up tasty reconstituted meats and vegetables. And for dessert, naturally, green cheese.

Back in Washington after two days of arduous picture taking during the funeral of Konrad Adenauer, Lyndon Johnson's White House photographer, Yochi Okamoto, 51, was visibly jumpy when reporters asked him about his boss's meeting with Charles de Gaulle. Okie was the only other American present when the President got together with De Gaulle in a private room in the West German Bundestag for the first time after 3½ troubled years. Well, persisted the newsmen, how would Okie describe the momentous event? "It was," he replied succinctly, "1:2 at 1:30 sec."

He looks nothing like a dame, and the U.S.O. thought so little of the idea that he had to pay his own way. Even so, Metropolitan Opera Tenor Richard Tucker, 52, insists that he made almost as big a hit as a lot of the Hollywood starlets who have gone to Viet Nam to entertain the troops. Back in Manhattan after a two-week singing tour that took him from Saigon to Danang and included presiding over a couple of Passover Seders, Tucker said the boys thoroughly enjoyed the arias from *Pagliacci* and *Tosca*. "They're a very, very intelligent caliber of boys," he said—and very, very early risers too. Aboard the aircraft carrier *Bon Homme Richard*, he wailed, "they told me my first show would be at 8 a.m. Eight in the morning! A singer like me doesn't even spit before midday."



RICHARD TUCKER
Up for the show.

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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Void in Manhattan

The New York Daily News settled with the printers' union for a 21% pay increase over three years. Would the World Journal Tribune go along? "All they can do is pay or shut down," said Printers Boss Bert Powers flatly. Last week the W.J.T. shut down.

W.J.T. President Matt Meyer bare out Powers' snap analysis. "Since the W.J.T. began publication in September of last year," he said, "we have contributed over \$10 million to keep the paper alive. In addition to this, severance payments of \$7,000,000 were made by the three predecessor papers to former employees. Our losses are presently running at the rate of \$700,000 per month."

Meyer then sketched the brief, ruinous career of the merged Herald Tribune, Journal-American and World-Telegram & Sun. "We announced our intention a little over a year ago to merge our three newspapers into one new company to publish a morning, an afternoon and a Sunday newspaper. We were then struck for 140 days. Many of the more talented and essential employees of our three papers found other work."

The morning-paper idea was abandoned, said Meyer. And even when agreement was finally reached, "we could not select the people we needed. We could not place people in jobs where their special skills and talents were best suited. We were compelled to employ 500 more persons than were needed. In the first six months of our operation we had a total of 55 harassing disputes, of which 18 resulted in actual work stoppages, each precipitated by a union to prevent us from correcting inefficiencies, reducing overtime or reducing personnel. We are now asked to assume a new wage increase of 21% over three years and to continue operating under the restrictions of the present agreements. It cannot be done."

Shoestring Irony. While Meyer's indictment of the unions correctly spotlighted the immediate cause of the paper's demise, there were other reasons too. The top management triumvirate—Jack Whitney, Jack Howard and William Randolph Hearst Jr.—never worked together too well. Each man had his own ideas about newspapering, and proudly stuck to them. It was Whitney who first decided that he had had enough. He had been willing to lose money in his abortive attempt to turn the Herald Tribune into a lively daily newsmagazine. But he never felt especially close to the W.J.T. When Whitney refused to keep pouring in money, the other two publishers had little choice but to go along. "The irony," says a New York newspaper expert, "is that three of the richest publishers in the U.S. tried to run a business on a shoe-

string. To run a newspaper in New York, you've got to pay your people well, automate to the teeth and compete with the big-leaguers."

Even as death approached, the W.J.T. was not all that bad. Editorial costs had been cut back drastically, but circulation had risen to a comfortable 700,000. Much of the news seemed stale, but a few top performers continued to shine. Clay Felker's *New York* magazine delved zestfully into many levels of city life. Columnist Jimmy Breslin supplied some intriguing glimpses of Manhattan's lower depths. Suzy Knickerbocker gave high society a glossy polish along with a few

Dispatch, whose grandfather had made the World famous, agreed that the city is highly "unpropitious" for a newspaper because of the "unreasonable and unstatesmanlike conduct of the labor unions." Said the Washington Post's Kay Graham: "I don't think anybody is going to want to take over. The W.J.T. was a promising and original new effort which hardly had time to vindicate the faith of its founders. It's devastating."

Gardner Cowles of Cowles Communications, however, thought that "somebody might very well try to start a standard evening newspaper"—though he was personally not interested. New York Times Publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger by no means shut the door on the possibility of the Times moving into the afternoon field, either by print-



W.J.T. PRESIDENT MEYER AT PRESS CONFERENCE
For a brief, ruinous career, many reasons.

smudges. Some of the critics were among the best in the business: Maurice Dolbier on books, Judith Crist on movies, Alan Rich on music, Dick Goldstein on pop culture. The paper, on the other hand, also carried a heavy load of bland and banal columnists.

Absolutely Hopeless? As the W.J.T. went under, other papers took action. The New York Times settled with the printers for the Daily News package of a 21% wage increase over three years. The News boosted its newsstand price by a penny to eight cents. The New York Post raised ad rates 20%, since it expected a 50% circulation gain.

Moreover, publishers took a hard look at the new void in the New York afternoon—on the face of it, a city of 8,000,000 should be able to support more than a second-rate tabloid like the Post. Some professed no interest. "No matter how much money you had," said Sam Newhouse, "it's absolutely hopeless to expect to run a sound paper—not just because of salary pressures, but also because of the restrictions labor puts on efficient operations." Joseph Pulitzer Jr., of the St. Louis Post-

ing 24 hours a day or by starting a new newspaper. "We are going to take a look at the situation," he said. "It would be foolish of us not to consider whether the afternoon newspaper field does not offer us a business opportunity and an opportunity for public service."

PRIZES

Declining Honor

Pulitzer Prizes regularly earn more attention for people who do not win than for people who do. It was no different last week when the 1967 awards were announced. Among the recipients were Bernard Malamud for his novel *The Fixer*, Justin Kaplan for his biography *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*, A. P. Photographer Jack Thornell for his picture of the just-wounded James Meredith in Mississippi, the Denver Post's Patrick O'Flaherty for his editorial cartoons. Worthy winners all, but the man the stories discussed most was Harrison Salisbury, who did not win a thing.

Salisbury was the early-term favorite to take the international reporting prize for his dispatches from Hanoi. His "be-

hind enemy lines" stories had undeniably made the biggest reportorial splash of the year. Yet there was a lingering feeling that he had unprofessionally allowed himself to see and report only those parts of the story that his hosts chose to display. And he cited casualty figures without mentioning their source: the North Vietnamese government. Such feelings did not deter the five-man Pulitzer jury charged with recommending candidates for the journalism awards. By a 4-to-1 vote, they made the New York Times assistant managing editor their first choice in the international reporting category because his stories had shown "enterprise, world impact and total significance that outweigh some demerits in on-the-spot reporting."

Miffed Minority. The advisory board, which is actually charged with making the decision, did not agree. Washington Star Editor Newbold Noyes Jr., who voted with the majority, felt that "many correspondents had sought admission to Hanoi, and to my mind Salisbury deserved no special credit for having been the one Hanoi chose to accept. The proper question was the quality of his dispatches, their accuracy and balance. He did not score particularly high in that sense, as compared to what might have been expected of another experienced reporter."

Leader of the minority view was Advisory Board Chairman Joseph Pulitzer Jr., editor-publisher of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and grandson of the prizes' donor. He argued that Salisbury's work was the obvious, pre-eminent example of distinguished international reporting—despite minor technical flaws. Nonetheless, the vote was against Salisbury. Pulitzer asked for an unusual reconsideration the next day in a secret ballot. Again the vote was against Salisbury. Miffed by the rebuff, Pulitzer broke the story of the behind-the-scenes voting in his paper and ran an editorial condemning the board's decision.

Second-Thought Trouble. It might have been easier for Salisbury supporters to swallow defeat if there had been any real competitor. But the winner in international reporting was R. John Hughes, a Christian Science Monitor foreign correspondent whom few had heard of. An ex-Nieman fellow, he is the Monitor's chief Asian correspondent; he won for his coverage of Indonesia. During the initial transfer of power

from Sukarno to Suharto, he was the only American reporter present, and his stories provided a straight, factual report of what was going on, though they were hardly exceptional.

One trouble with second-thought Pulitzer Prizes is that they too often reward less than exceptional efforts. Such was the case last week with Edward Albee, who won the prize for drama on the basis of his so-so 1966 play, *A Delicate Balance*. What Albee's prize really honored was his *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, dismissed by the 1963 advisory board, some of whom had not seen or read the play. Albee accepted the 1966 award reluctantly. "The Pulitzer Prize is in danger of losing its position of honor," he said, "and could foreseeably cease to be an honor at all."

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Gnat of Hill 881

"My God, I don't believe it," said a gawking Marine. "What's a broad doing here?" The broad—if an 85-lb. twiglet of a female qualifies as a broad—was doing the same thing he was. She was getting ready to storm South Viet Nam's Hill 881. Cathy Leroy may have looked ludicrous with her size-4 feet swimming around in size-6 combat boots. But the little French girl is a

JOHN CARTELL



CATHY LEROY

tough freelance photographer; and for Americans looking at their front pages last week, her A.P. pictures of Marines headed up 881 North evoked ghosts of Iwo Jima and Pork Chop Hill.

Moving in with the second wave of attacking troops, Cathy dodged machine-gun fire, clicked off frame after frame as she and the men scurried up the hill. She stopped long enough to record one particularly poignant sequence—a corpsman bending to help a wounded buddy, jerking upright in anguish when the man died, and plunging away, yelling "I'll kill them! I'll kill them!" At the summit she flopped into a bomb crater, kept on aiming her camera. At 22, Cathy is used to such scenes. She spends more time at the front—three weeks a month—than any other woman in the Saigon press corps. Despite her diminutive figure, she has a reputation as one of the most stubbornly persistent, bullheaded photographers covering the war.

Learning & Doing. Her nicknames run the gamut from "gnat" to "bear cat." Equipped with a Gallic temper, Cathy chews out anyone in her way with a remarkably complete selection of four-letter G.I.-English words seasoned with a few choice five-letter French specialties. Once she used them a bit too freely with Marine brass and was banned from the I Corps area for six months. The ban was lifted only two weeks before the 881 assault.

It was Cathy's stubbornness that got her to Viet Nam in the first place. Despite the disapproval of her factory-manager father, she worked 18 hours a day for six months as an interviewer in a Paris employment agency to save the money for the trip. Her professional photographic experience was nil. Buying new equipment to supplement the single Leica she arrived with, Cathy has doggedly progressed from barely competent to the point where A.P. Photographer Horst Faas says, "She is one of the best four or five freelancers here." Luck plays some part in making a reputation, she admitted last week, but persistence pays the rent. "My aim," she adds, "is to have at least one excellent story each month." She can take the rest of May off.

CATHERINE LEROY AP



CORPSMAN WITH WOUNDED MARINE



IN ANGUISH OVER DEATH

Evoking the ghosts of Iwo and Pork Chop.



LUNGING AWAY UNDER FIRE



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SCIENCE

GEOLOGY

Aftermath of a Cataclysm

Nine times in the past 4,000,000 years or so, the earth's magnetic field has completely reversed. The North Pole became the South Pole, the South Pole the North. During these reversals, scientists theorize, the intensity of the earth's magnetic field actually decreased to zero, then built back up with opposite polarity. During the temporary absence of a strong magnetic field, the earth was left without its protective shield; as a consequence, cosmic-ray particles that were normally deflected by the magnetic field could shower through the atmosphere. The result may have been the destruction, mutation or even creation of species. Scientists know that such reversals occur every 500,000 to 1,000,000 years. But they do not know exactly what causes them.

Clues to a possible explanation were recently uncovered at the bottom of the sea by Geologists Bruce Heezen and Bill Glass, of Columbia University's Lamont Geological Observatory, who were investigating some strange, glasslike fragments known as tektites. Many scientists believe that the tektites, which are found in several areas around the world, were formed when meteorites or comets collided with the earth. The encounters were so catastrophic that bits of the earth, as well as chunks of the intruder, were hurled into space and then fell back. Heated both by the impact and their swift passage through the atmosphere, they were fused into glassy globules.

Flipped Field. One large meteorite is believed to have fallen in the area of southern China, the Philippines and Australia, where tektites found on land all appear to have had the same origin. Basing their estimates on the distribution and radioactive dating of these tek-

ites, scientists had long assumed that the meteorite weighed a few thousand tons and struck about 700,000 years ago. While he was examining sediment cores taken from more widely separated locations on the floors of the Indian and Pacific oceans, Geologist Glass discovered tiny tektites, apparently from the same meteorite. To have littered so large an area, Glass and Heezen calculated, the meteorite could have weighed a billion tons and might have been as large as a mile in diameter. Even more intriguing, further examination of the sediment cores indicated that the tektites had been deposited around the time of the last reversal of the earth's magnetic field, which also occurred 700,000 years ago.

To Heezen and Glass, the coincidence implied that one phenomenon may have caused the other. The impact on the earth of a mile-wide meteorite might well have disturbed the complex motions of the earth's core that are believed to generate the magnetic field. As a result, the geologists suggest, the field may have flipped. It is also conceivable, they say, that at least some of the previous reversals of the magnetic field were caused by the catastrophic collision of huge meteorites or comets with the earth.

SPACE

Premotion of Fire

As more information about the death of Soviet Cosmonaut Vladimir Komarov filters out of Moscow, it becomes increasingly apparent that there were close parallels between the first fatalities in the U.S. and Russian space programs. Like Apollo, whose troubles may have stemmed partly from pressure to achieve a manned lunar landing by 1970, Komarov's Soyuz project was probably pushed into a manned mission

to provide a space spectacular for the 50th-anniversary year of the Bolshevik Revolution. And like his Apollo counterparts, Cosmonaut Komarov may well have met a fiery death.

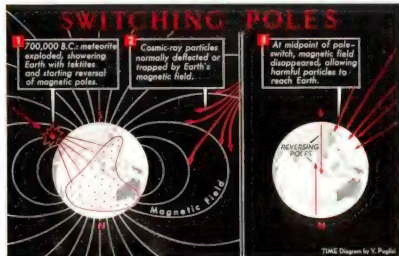
In a dispatch to the Washington Star last week, Veteran Moscow Correspondent Edmund Stevens traced the Soyuz tragedy back to the moment in 1966 when Soviet Space Chief Sergei Korolev died of complications after surgery for cancer. It was Korolev, said Stevens, who was largely responsible for Russia's early manned space program; his stature and prestige shielded him from political and economic expediency and enabled him to insist upon thorough testing of new spacecraft before they were flown by men.

Korolev's successors apparently could not resist mounting pressures for 1967 space spectacles. Stevens reported, and they agreed to a Soyuz mission timed to coincide with May Day celebrations. Thus, despite an earlier unmanned Soyuz flight that is believed to have come to grief, Soyuz 1 may have been launched with Komarov aboard before it was fully qualified for a manned mission. To celebrate the November 1917 revolution, another Soyuz mission was planned to put men in orbit around the moon on Nov. 7.

Final S.O.S. Although the Russians attribute Komarov's death to the crash of Soyuz after its parachute straps became tangled, Stevens cites widespread rumors in Moscow that the cosmonaut was dead before he returned to earth. As Komarov re-entered the atmosphere, according to this version, he radioed that the temperature inside his cabin was rising rapidly. There was a final S.O.S.—then silence, as the space craft plummeted "like a fiery ball" and crashed in the Ural Mountains, hundreds of miles from the planned landing site.

Western experts are reasonably sure that Soyuz 1, designed to re-enter the atmosphere and descend at a controlled attitude, had only one surface protected by a heat shield against the high temperatures of re-entry. If Soyuz was indeed tumbling upon re-entry, as many U.S. experts believe, its unshielded surfaces would also have been exposed to the direct frictional effects of the atmosphere. As these surfaces began to burn up, temperatures in the spacecraft cabin would quickly have reached fatal levels.

Komarov may have had a premonition of his fate. Shortly before the veteran cosmonaut entered the spacecraft, Stevens says, he handed Soviet Reporter Sergei Borzenko the book he had been reading—a biography of Joan of Arc. In a section describing the Maid of Orleans' burning at the stake, Borzenko noticed later, Komarov had underlined the following passage: "She bade her farewells and continued gazing at the clear blue sky until the final second when the black smoke blotted out that sky forever."



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400 feet
down on the farm.



Life began under the sea. And man may soon be forced to return there to support life.

There lie half the world's known oil reserves, huge quantities of other raw materials and a limitless source of food. But at 400 feet, working creates enormous problems. Pressures are 13 times greater than at the surface. Normal air mixtures transform man into a senseless drunk. If he surfaces too quickly, he dies in agony.

Yet men are at work there now. Union Carbide's Ocean Systems Inc. brings them down in a new kind of diving bell;

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Barracuda: wild to win you over.



Barracuda's winning ways spell doom for an entire city. Dullsville.

Pity. Life in Dullsville was so uncomplicated. ("Sure I'd like a sports car. But I can't afford one.")

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A fastback. A convertible. And a \$2449* hardtop — America's lowest priced sports car. (Repeat: sports car, not sporty car. Barracuda delivers.) Proof? Find a quick stretch of road.

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Now—track toward the sun. If you chose the optional 273 or 383 V-8 with Formula S Package, you've made a great sports car even sportier.

Chase the horizon. A smile round your eyes as a sign blurs by. Dullsville. Population 0.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for standard two-door hardtop Barracuda hardtop. Excludes destination charge, state and other taxes, title, and optional equipment. V-8 listing only; optional sport wheel, tires, radio, and wheel covers extra.

Plymouth



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MOTOR CORPORATION

SHOW BUSINESS

FESTIVALS

Ars Longa ...

It is called the Cannes Film Festival, but as last week's events emphasized, the rightful name should be the Cannes Flesh Festival. The equalizer in many of the 24 pictures from 18 nations was nudity. In Yugoslavia's *An Affair of the Heart*, the camera zeroed in on a nude sex kitten playing with her black cat in bed. Denmark's *The Red Mantic* set some kind of longevity record for teetering as it dwelled for ten minutes on a couple cavorting in and out of the sack.

Ironically, the only outrage stirred up at the festival was based not on what was seen but what was read—and by the French-speaking audiences at that. The furor concerned the British-made film *Ulysses* (LIME, March 31), which carried subtitles in French. A few of James Joyce's occasional vulgarisms failed to travel well in translation. One familiar Anglo-Saxon phrase, for example, was accompanied by a subtitle that read *Mon anus royal Irlandais!* Other subtitles, which by necessity were shortened to keep pace with the spoken dialogue, carried little of the poetic fantasy and whimsy of Joyce's writing. Apparently offended more by the crude translations than by the content, some members of the audience cried "Shameful!" "Indecent!"

Too Much Grease. Director Joseph Strick had greater cause for distress when he discovered that 20 lines of Molly Bloom's famous soliloquy had been blacked out of the subtitles. Storming into the projection booth, he was confronted by six guards. "That's my film!" Strick cried. "You've mutilated it, and you've got to stop the projection!" There was a struggle, and Strick

was thrown out of the booth. Limping back to his balcony seat on a twisted ankle, he screamed, "Stop the projection! My film has been mutilated!" The picture continued to the end amid a riotous shouting contest in the audience.

Next day Strick denounced Festival Director Robert Favre Le Bret for his "barbaric, arrogant and intolerable action," and later announced that he was withdrawing the film from the competition. Le Bret replied that only the British film delegation could remove the picture, and that it was still in contention for the festival's top prize, which will be awarded this week.

At the height of the controversy, someone noticed that the Union Jack was missing from the array of national flags flying above the Palais du Festival. Had the British decided to boycott the festival? No. A photographer had hauled down the flag and wrapped a naked starlet in it for a beach picture.

ACTRESSES

Have Nymphet, Will Travel

"There has never been any question but that I was meant for movies," says Romina Power, the 15-year-old daughter of Linda Christian and the late Tyrone Power. "But I want to be discovered for myself, not just because of my parents' name."

Not a chance. Wherever Romina goes, her actress mother is just a step behind. "She will do everything," says Linda. "She sings beautifully. She paints, she dances like a dream. She even writes poetry." Linda, now 42, considers herself not a pushy stage mother but a servant of destiny. Her astrologer, she explains, prophesied that Romina would have "all and everything Napoleon had without the downfall. I was told this at her birth, so I was able to prepare." But Hollywood was not prepared to Linda's big Power play. During the past month, she has waged a selling campaign that ought to win an Oscar for Haughty Hokum and High Hucksterism. "Before Romina is 21," declares Linda, "she'll be making more money than Elizabeth Taylor. Liz will need a wheelchair by that time, the way she's carrying on."

"Anatomic Bomb." The way Linda is carrying on, she will need a pogo stick. She has rented a magnificent Spanish mission house for \$2,500 a month and set up a kind of Power Placement Center. She installed ten telephones and planted a nude statue of herself in the foyer as a reminder of the days when, billed as "The Anatomic Bomb," panting tabloids recorded her various amorous adventures.

Nowadays Linda stages large dinner parties, stalks studio executives day and night. After she cornered Paramount Production Chief Robert Evans last month, she came away with a four-picture contract, beginning at \$7,500 for a week's work in *The President's*



TY, LINDA & ROMINA
Mickey Finn for a cocktail.

Analyst. Romina was to portray Snow White, a teeny-bopper who gets seduced by James Coburn. "That's more money than I was making when he was tops at Fox!" exulted Linda. "That's the cocktail, isn't it?"

It was more like a Mickey Finn. A few weeks later—even before shooting began—Coburn complained that he would feel uncomfortable making movie love to such a young thing, so the studio decided to drop Romina for someone a little older. Linda telephoned Evans a dozen times a day, demanding explanations and offering script revisions that would accommodate Romina's talent for projecting "pure love through poetry." Asked if her budding starlet might take some acting lessons, Mommy exclaimed: "Are you crazy? Do you want to spoil that gift?"

Kissing Lessons. If no more picture contracts are forthcoming, the dynamic duo may return to their home in Rome. There, Romina's reputation as an ingenue is less than snow white. Two years ago, when the De Laurentiis studio gave Romina the role of a child bride in *Home Life, Italian Style*, Linda swooped in and demanded "American prices" because "Romina is Romina." Romina's success in the picture led to another nymphet role in *How I Learned to Love Women*, in which, says Linda, "she absolutely wiped the screen with her leading man." And, she adds proudly, "her name was put above the title," which in the advertisements was accompanied by a shot of Romina sprawled nude on a towel decorated with watermelons. The caption: HAVE A SLICE. Both films were banned for minors by the Italian censors, and some of Romina's racier scenes in *Women*, for which Mother had to give her "private kissing lessons," were sequestered at the insistence of the Vatican.

Never one to pass up a publicity play,



STRIK AT CANNES
And by the French at that.

FLORSHEIM plays it LIGHT plays it SOFT!



Making a shoe light, soft, and flexible is easy. If you're easy to please. But Florsheim values its reputation. These soft shoes won't tire. They hold their shape for longer wear. They take a man's shine. They support. Yet they are soft. Florsheim Quality does it. Example: premium calfskin that gleams naturally, needs no stiffening finishes. Your extra pleasure is worth our extra care!



Most regular styles \$1995 to \$2795 / Most Imperial styles \$3795

Illustrated: THE CHEVRON in black walnut calf, 21756;
in weathered moss, 31800; in chestnut, 31826.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF JORDAN INDUSTRIES

Linda allowed her daughter to don bikini bottoms and pasties with dangling disks for a picture spread in *Men*, Italy's equivalent of *Playboy*. Romina, a slightly sullen girl who combines traces of baby fat with the dark good looks of her father, reacted like a real trouper: when the makeup man had difficulty applying the pasties, she said: "Hurry up, will you? I'm late for a cocktail party." In another instance, Linda rejected all the picture poses proposed by the German magazine *Der Stern*, finally hit on the homey scene of mother and daughter sitting nude in a bathtub.

Last week, while Mother wheeled and dealed, daughter spent her spare time in her bedroom listening to rock 'n' roll and contemplating a huge poster of her father. At times, Romina seems dazed by all the hoopla, as if she were trying to remember where she mislaid her childhood. Then, the little girl in her peeping through, she sighs: "I would like to play a fairy because it can make things happen, and it's pure and innocent and beautiful the way people basically are."

TELEVISION

Ad Hoc Hookup

The open season on NBC's *Tonight* show continued, but Johnny Carson was not perceptibly pinked. AHC had already taken a pot shot with Joey Bishop (*TIME*, April 28). And last week, a new *ad hoc* hookup, the United Network, took aim with a cap pistol called the *Las Vegas Show*.

The United show is a two-hour, five-night-a-week club crawl of Vegas, with Comic Bill Dana introducing the pre-taped acts. Dana's putative advantage over the competition is that there is more top cabaret talent in Vegas in a week than Carson's New York or Bishop's Los Angeles sees in a month. Trouble is that about half of Dana's ten-odd nightly guests are lounge (or second-string) acts rather than the featured stars.

For example, Phil Harris, Bobby Darin and Alan King were all in Las Vegas but not on the *Show*. So Dana had to settle for the likes of Abbe Lane, Jerry Lester, Frankie Laine and Helen O'Connell. Dana himself was hardly the picture of authority, and just barely held the rambling shows together.

Carrying the *Las Vegas Show* are 125 U.S. channels. In many instances, they are taking a United flyer because the program provides them with free competition against Carson and Bishop just when old movies are scarce and expensive.

This fall United hopes to become a full fourth network starting with six hours of daily programming. To keep going, it will need something more solid than Dana's variety show. Commercial time sells for \$6,000 a minute, but last week United couldn't peddle much of its time and gave a lot away free to such public-service sponsors as the U.S. Post Office, the Navy and the Peace Corps.



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\$5,000 more home
than home insurance.**

Hope you have \$5,000 to burn, Fred old boy.

It's easy to be under-insured. All it takes is for your home to increase in value while your insurance stays the same. True, it costs money to raise the limits of your insurance. But this is

where State Farm comes in.

State Farm offers a better deal than most companies in the home insurance business. Same as State Farm does on car insurance. It's made us number one in sales in both.

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In Texas, savings on State Farm Homeowners Policies have been returned as dividends. In Mississippi, we offer a Comprehensive Dwelling Policy similar to our Homeowners Policy.

EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

The Unknown Rulers

University presidents, outspoken professors, even rebellious students—all have a knack for getting noticed. Yet, except in rare moments of acute controversy, the men and women who are technically at the top of the nation's huge state-university systems are the least known figures in academe's power structure. And the least rewarded. The state-university regents read reams of reports, worry endlessly over their university's business, scurry to meetings and ceremonies. In return they get only free campus parking, a few choice foot-

for eight-year terms. University of Minnesota regents are elected by the state legislature for six years. The University of Alabama board selects its own new members for twelve years. Inevitably, the new regent takes years to get oriented. "Regardless of how much you study, you never get the grasp of a university the way you would of your own business," concedes Wisconsin Regent Charles D. Gelatt.

The first thing a regent learns, says former Minnesota Regent Robert Hess, an ex-labor-union official, is that a university "sure as hell isn't run like a corporation—university people simply aren't yes men." Another difference, notes Wisconsin Regent Kenneth Greenquist, is that "there is no balance sheet with a university—you could make a mistake and not know it for a generation." California Regent Edward Carter contends that what a regent really needs is a diversified "experience of life and the breadth of vision that comes from it, since by the time problems get to the regents' level they are pretty broad."

Regents vary on how deeply they delve into operational detail. Most try to confine themselves to setting broad policy and letting administrators carry it out. The California regents were long plagued by administrative trivia, once even had to pass upon the hiring of janitors. Authority has now been decentralized to the point where troublesome student behavior is a campus chancellor's problem, rather than the regents' or the university president's. On the other hand, Minnesota regents must still pass upon every clerical appointment and even \$200 equipment purchases.

Believing in Presidents. In practice, most boards rely on the advice of the university president. "If you have a president you believe in, you go along with him," says University of Illinois Trustee Harold Pogue. State University of New York Trustee Morris Iushewitz, acknowledging the strong hand of S.U.N.Y. President Samuel Gould, insists that "We are not manipulated except for the good of the university, and in that sense I don't mind being manipulated." Alabama's self-perpetuating board is an example of how trustees can protect a school and a strong president. Frank Rose (TIME, April 21), against the pressuring tactics of hostile Governors such as Lurleen and George Wallace. Notes one Alabama professor: "Wallace just couldn't influence that board on political matters if he tried."

Despite the complexities of the job, most regents find the work stimulating, devote roughly a month's time to the task each year. "It's like being a den mother for 30,000 students," claims University of Michigan Regent Mrs. Gertrude Huebner, who delights in the varied advice she is asked to give. One mother wrote to ask whether her coed daughter should sing in a nightclub. "I

want to investigate to see whether there's enough smoke in the air to damage her throat before answering," says Mrs. Huebner.

Alloof on Olympus. If regents are to perform their buffer role effectively, they clearly need to know student and faculty leaders. Not all of them do. "Nobody really has any contact with the board of governors—it's like speaking to the gods on Olympus," complains Bart Mindszenty, a campus newspaper editor at Wayne State University. Yet California regents are trying hard: they meet monthly with student leaders, sometimes hike with them in the High Sierras. Governors of Central Michigan University stay in student dorms when they meet.

Few public servants are more convinced of the worth of what they do than are university regents. California Regent William Forbes, president of a music firm, concedes that his service as a regent, which takes about 30% of his time, is the biggest thing in his life because "the hope of mankind lies in educating as many people as best we can."

STUDENTS

Equality for Your Fellow Man

"Equal rights" is one of the abiding passions of today's students—and there is scarcely a special-interest group that does not have some kind of campus organization championing its claims for justice. Now even homosexuals have one. Columbia has become the nation's first major university to grant recognition to the Student Homophile League, which argues that homosexuals are "unjustly, inhumanly and savagely discriminated against" in the U.S. The league plans to publicize results of research on homosexuality to fight for "the fundamental human right" of a homosexual "to live and to work with his fellow man as an equal."

Columbia's administrators took a bemused but coolly legalistic stance toward the new group. The University Committee on Student Organizations at first denied the league recognition, since it refused to name its organizers. The dozen interested students then shrewdly enlisted eight officers of other campus organizations, all presumably heterosexual, to sign as sponsors, under a university rule that their names need not be made public. The committee then decided that it had no legal reason not to grant the group official status.

While declining to identify himself or other members by name ("We would be losing jobs for the rest of our lives"), the league's chairman insists the group is educational, not social, and "plans no mixers with Harvard." So far, Columbia students seem little interested in joining. Shrugged Sophomore Elliot Stern: "As long as they don't bother the rest of us, it's O.K." The league's biggest problem will probably be its self-imposed secrecy. As some students asked: How do you treat them equally when you don't know who they are?



WISCONSIN REGENT GELATT
A generation to get the balance.

ball tickets, and perhaps their names, in fine print, on a building plaque.

As states expand their higher-education systems, the role of the regents—some universities call them trustees, others governors—looms larger. They direct increasingly huge expenditures, decide where to build branches, determine expansion priorities, pick new presidents. When professors take unpopular stands or students protest, the regents are often squeezed between an angry public and a defensive university administration. One of the toughest tasks of regents today, says Florida Regent Wayne McCall, is to act as "a buffer between the academic world and the outside."

No Yes Men. The selection methods do not guarantee that a regent will be particularly prepared for this job. Most are appointed by state governors for long terms to minimize political pressures, and tend to be older men capping careers in other fields. University of Michigan regents are nominated by political parties, elected directly by voters



What you'll remember most about Northern Ireland may be the people you meet.

The Northern Irish will impress you as giants. Even those who look no bigger than leprechauns. They tell the tallest tales in Ireland. And consistently at that.

The man you meet in a County Armagh pub will tell you St. Patrick's well is a magic well. From time to time it overflows.

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The woman who sells you linen in Belfast will assure you it's true. And she'll tell you about Finn mac Cool, the Northern Irish giant who built a path across the Irish Sea.

You can actually see the path. The Giant's Causeway, it's called—a coastal path neatly tiled with immense

hexagonal rocks. You will agree it could only be the handiwork of a giant.

To learn more about Northern Ireland, see your travel agent. And clip the coupon. It brings you a 52-page color guide, *Vacations in Britain*. Free.

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OLDE LEANACH COTTAGE on Culloden Moor, where the final battle of The Rising of 1745 was fought. 5,000 Highlanders marched into battle to the strains of 100 pipers.



CAN A SCOTCH MAKE HISTORY?

Talk to somebody who has tried 100 Pipers, and you'll hear the sound of history being made with three simple words: "It tastes good."

Until now, taste was not necessarily the thing people liked most about Scotch. Perhaps it was the lightness of Scotch, its smartness as a drink or

the fact it sat so comfortably with them. Now, with 100 Pipers, taste becomes the top reason for preferring Scotch. 100 Pipers is a Scotch that can be enjoyed from the first taste by the occasional drinker as well as the connoisseur.

Bottled in Scotland by master

blenders respectful of their craft, 100 Pipers is uniquely easy to like.

If you enjoy a sense of the past and the savor of now, try a bottle of 100 Pipers Scotch by Seagram.

We think you'll find it tastes the way you always hoped Scotch would taste.

100 PIPERS
SCOTCH BY SEAGRAM

EVERY DROP BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND AT 86 PROOF - Selected and Imported by Seagram-Distillers Company, N.Y.C. - Blended Scotch Whisky



(TO BE CONTINUED)

...SO
naturally
they framed it
with steel

One Center Plaza, a new eight-story office building in Boston's Government Center, is being built in three phases.

When the first of the three 300-foot sections was completed, Beacon Construction Company, owner and builder, wanted to let the public know that there was more to come (the second section is now underway). How better to do it than paint a sign on the wall "(TO BE CONTINUED)"?

And how better to frame a building you're going to add on to—either vertically or laterally—than with steel? Steel makes tying in a new frame with an existing frame a simple matter. No other material can match it when it comes to providing for unpredictable future needs.

Expecting a new addition some day? Plan ahead with steel.

BETHLEHEM STEEL



Owner: Robert and Norman B. Leventhal
Contractor: Beacon Construction Company
Architect: Walton Buckel, F.A.I.A.
Consulting Engineer: Wayman C. Wing
Steel Fabricator: West End Iron Works
Bethlehem is supplying the structural steel.



This is how *One Center Plaza* will look when completed. Its 8 floors will provide 600,000 sq ft of office space in Boston's Government Center.

MODERN LIVING

RECREATION

Mod Sod

The newest look in grass is turf that never needs cutting, stays green all year, is maintained with a vacuum cleaner, cleaned by soap and water and dries in a trice. No fewer than 16 manufacturers are now turning out artificial turf—also called indoor-outdoor carpeting—for installation at race tracks, baseball diamonds, football fields and tennis courts. In some cases, the turf is changing not only the playing surface but the sport itself.

Artificial turf got off to a spectacular start when it was installed as a last-minute solution after the lack of direct sunlight killed the natural grass in Houston's Astrodome. Astro ballplayers still complain that the synthetic AstroTurf, a bladed carpet of green nylon backed by vinyl, makes hard-hit grounders skid rather than bounce, and that their spikes do not dig in firmly. On the other hand, the Houston University football team, which plays its home games in the Astrodome, found the going great, and it was no hindrance to making Houston's pass-catching split end and place kicker, Ken Hebert, top scorer in the nation last year.

Broken Records. "The harder surface does mean a few more bruises," says Head Football Coach Bill Yeoman, "but there's an advantage too: knee and ankle injuries are greatly reduced." Reason: on AstroTurf—but not on grass—when a player is tackled hard from an angle his cleats twist free before either ankle or knee can be wrenched.

For the Astrodome management, the synthetic sod means easy upkeep. When a section wears out, a new one can easily be laid in to replace it. Stanford University is now using AstroTurf for all its outdoor freshman track-and-field

DOUG WOOD



ARTIFICIAL V. REAL TURF AT YANKEE STADIUM
Changing the sport as well.



DELAHAYE'S MAXI



HECHTER'S CORDUROY



...AND KNIT

Not so much a threat as an alternative.

events, except shotgun and discus, and finds that it drains so quickly that it can be used even in the rain. The Seattle school board, saddled with its dirt-covered Memorial Stadium in which half the games have been played in mud, has voted to spend \$175,000 to cover it with artificial turf.

Another grass substitute is 3M Co.'s Tartan, which has been installed on half a dozen race tracks, from Florida's Tropical Park to Ontario's Windsor Raceway. Tartan has been adopted by the University of Alabama, San Jose State and U.C.L.A. for outdoor track meets. Says Alabama Coach Carney Laslie: "The track is faster—we've broken practically every record we had."

True Bounce. Newest of the synthetics is Center Court, a smooth, felt-like acrylic carpet that may give lawn tennis its biggest boost in years. Manufactured by J. P. Stevens Co. for former Wimbledon Champion Sidney Wood's Tennis Development Corp., Center Court is quick-drying, comes in 15-ft.-wide strips that are taped together on the underside. In one day, it can be laid over an existing clay or asphalt court with only a layer of honeycomb wire in between for drainage. It can also be laid on bare, level ground over a preparatory layer of polystyrene foam.

The tennis pros tried it out indoors recently in Montreal, liked it so much that they are rolling it up and taking it with them for all their matches. Says Pro Tour Director Wally Dill: "Most of our players prefer it even to a grass court—the bounce is true, and it slows the game just enough so that the player's skill can show." In the coming weeks, Center Court will be installed at some 30 clubs, including Forest Hills' West Side Tennis Club and the Newport Casino. Predicts Newport Casino President Jimmy Van Alen: "These new courts are going to bring a new look to tennis. They are going to have such an explosion on tennis in the U.S. that it's going to be unbelievable."

FASHION

Next, the Maxiskirt?

Now that the miniskirt is being sported 8 in. above the knee, it is apparent that the only possible direction for hemlines is down. The question is when? The answer, according to a number of designers: as early as next fall.

Egged on by Paris' Coco Chanel, who calls the miniskirt "the most absurd weapon woman has ever employed to seduce men," two of France's biggest ready-to-wear designers, Daniel Hechter and Jacques Delahaye, are now showing "maxi jupes" for autumn that reach all the way down to the mid-calf. Hechter and Delahaye, who sell to leading department stores the world over, including Bonwit Teller and Neiman Marcus, are receiving orders for them by the thousands. In the U.S., three fast-rising young ready-to-wear designers—Coty Award Winner Dominic of Matty Talmack, plus Chester Weinberg and Luba of Elite—are suggesting the "midi dress," with hem 4 in. below the knee. And in London, where the miniskirt was invented, such young mod newcomers as Ossie Clarke and Roland Klein are including mid-calf lengths in their fall lines. Says Clarke: "This summer will be one last fling to show your legs. Next year the idea will be to wrap 'em up warm."

Maybe. But for the moment, at least, the new maxis or midis seem not so much a threat to the miniskirt as an alternative. "The midi will get time, but not equal time with the mini," predicts Henri Bendel President Geraldine Stutz. She sees the midi as "a great outfit with boots and winter coats and a charming new look for evening," a change of pace from today's popular caftans and hostess pajamas. "It is very possible that skirts will drop during the next few seasons," says Dior's Marc Bohan, but adds: "The change will be gradual; the knee will still remain visible for some time to come."

PIERRE SOLLAT



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ACUR-NET GOLF BALLS

EXPOSITIONS

Snafus of Success

As was bound to happen, Expo 67's first week produced a mini-multitude of bizarre snafus and sundry irritations.

The sophisticated silhouette pictograms intended to point the path to the lavatories were so esoteric that many people could not tell what they were, managed to find washrooms only after many desperate queries. The Gyrotron, the highly ballyhooed simulated trip from space orbit to volcano core, broke down and may not be in operation again for six weeks.

Electronic billboards posted about the grounds tripped on their own electrical connections, produced tongue-twisting typographical errors. The most embarrassing were the signs touting **TOKIO OF ETHIOPIA** while Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie I was touring the site. At India's pavilion, someone stole the trunk of a clay elephant, and the sturgeons in the Soviet pavilion pool had to thrash about to dodge hundreds of pennies visitors tossed at them.

Surpassing the Records. "We're in a hell of a mess—but isn't it great!" crowed Deputy Commissioner General Robert F. Shaw. For the real reason behind most of Expo's first-week foul-ups was the magnitude of its success. No one had come even close to gauging the fair's capacity for drawing crowds. Indeed, so big and so eager were the early Expo hordes that they did not spin the turnstiles far enough to allow carbon brushes to make the contacts necessary to send electrical impulses to the computers counting attendance. At one point, officials had to send people down to "eyeball" the entrants. Because of the tangle in counting arrivals, Air Canada had to cancel its plan to reward Expo's 1,000,000th visitor with a trip anywhere in the world, decided to wait until the computer-totalizer was working well enough to pick out a 2,000,000th person.

Incredibly, Expo hit that figure just seven days after it opened. With their bollixed-up computers, officials figured the total by rounding off the counts of departing passengers compiled from subways, buses, autos and taxis. On its first Sunday, 569,500 passed the gates—a total that surpassed every one-day world's fair record ever set (New York's 1939-40 show drew 492,446 one day; the 1964-65 pulled 446,953 on its best—and last—day).

Critics & Crowds. Naturally, there were also record-breaking queues for restaurants (caused partly by too-small kitchen facilities), rest rooms (the Soviets' ladies' room had but two cubicles), and intra-Expo transportation (the minirail was so popular that some visitors wanted to spend all their time just riding on it, and officials are now considering imposing a time limit). Montreal's Metro was so jammed that guards had to close down one station because of the panicky crush; workmen hurriedly



QUEUES FOR EXPO'S MINIRAIL
What a wonderful mess!

placed another 500 trash cans on Expo's grounds to hold the extra refuse.

So far, the big attractions—as expected—have been the U.S. and the Soviet pavilions. Yet some surprising dark horses are running to the fore. The British pavilion, with its mix of mod and traditional, has pulled almost as many visitors as the Big Two. And the *Kino-automat*, where viewers vote on how the movie should progress, has made the Czech pavilion a hit with both critics and crowds.

Steel Bands & Chowder. Among the industry pavilions, top drawer is the Telephone Association of Canada, with its Walt Disney-made movie, prosaically titled *Canada '67*, which uses a 360° total-involvement screen to project the spectators into the middle of a furious National League hockey game. Early-form favorites among the bars are the English pub, the Bavarian beer garden. Trinidad-Tobago's lively pavilion where steel bands and limbo dancers perform all day, and Ontario's pyramid-shaped pavilion. Most popular restaurant: Canada's Atlantic Provinces pavilion, where diners can feast on excellent seafood chowder while watching shipwrights at work building a wooden-hulled schooner.

"The thing I'm enjoying most is the happy faces, the excitement, as the people stream in," said one Expo official. "You can design things well and execute them well. But the one thing you can't plan is fun." Expo 67 seems to have plenty of that.

CUSTOMS

Running to Daylight

Last year only 19 states observed Daylight Saving Time on a statewide basis, while 17 others practiced local option and 14 stayed on Standard Time the year round. The result was a chaos of conflicting time patterns. This year was supposed to be different. Reason: the Uniform Time Act, passed by Congress a year ago, that requires all states

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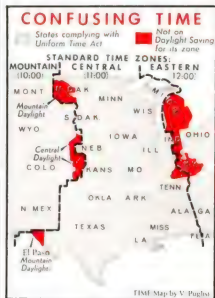
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to follow statewide Daylight Time—unless the respective legislatures enact exempting laws. Last week as the hour struck to turn the clocks ahead one hour, the chaos was less, but compliance was far from perfect. Forty-five states are now keeping D.S.T.: still out of step are Alaska, Hawaii, Indiana, Kentucky and Michigan.

The new Department of Transportation, which administers the act, is allowing Alaska and Hawaii to stay Standard until it fixes new Pacific time-zone boundaries. More confused are states that are split into two time zones. Indiana has asked D.O.T. to revise the boundaries so that the entire state falls in the Central Time zone; meanwhile, eastern Indiana will remain on Eastern Standard and thus keep the same time as the western portion, which is on Central Daylight all year long. Parts of Nebraska and Kansas in the Mountain



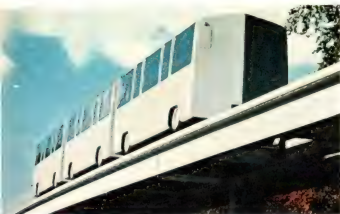
Time zone will keep Central Daylight while their requests for revised boundaries are pending; similarly, parts of North Dakota and El Paso in the Central zone are observing Mountain Daylight. Michigan, which passed exempting legislation, has asked D.O.T. to revise its boundaries so that it falls entirely in the Eastern zone. The ultimate in confusion is Kentucky: there local option prevails, and the state must therefore cope simultaneously with four different times.

FOOD

Nozzled & Twirled

Detroit's Shedd-Bartush Foods Inc. announced that by using a jelly nozzle injector and a new peanut-butter-jar-twirling process, it has found it possible to combine the ingredients of America's favorite sandwich in one jar, will market it this summer under the no-nonsense brand name: "Peanut Butter 'n' Jelly."

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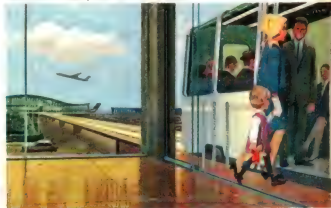
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MEDICINE

SMOKING

Time Out

The latest evidence of the effects of smoking on health, which was reported last week by the U.S. Government's National Center for Health Statistics: men and women who smoke or have smoked cigarettes lose one-third more work days each year because of sickness than nonsmokers.

DIAGNOSIS

Internal TV

The inside of a diseased human bladder seems an unlikely setting for color TV. But that is where some Chicago urologists have been working; they find the views rewarding for their patients' benefit, and they gain the benefit of permanent videotape records of what they have seen.

The first devices—cystoscopes—for enabling the diagnosing physician to look directly into the bladder were made as long ago as 1877. Despite technical improvements, they still have some shortcomings. Only one doctor at a time can look inside the patient; when the next doctor, or a medical student, looks in, the view may well have changed. There is no pictorial record of what is seen, and the doctor has to write a description in such vague terms as "patchy hemorrhaging."

At Cook County Hospital, Dr. Irving M. Bush and Dr. J. Lester Wilkey have assembled a color TV cystoscope from standard, commercially available components. Its power of inner vision depends on a system of lenses and a cable of glass fibers, less than one-quarter of an inch in thickness, inserted through the urethra, to carry the intense light from a 100,000-ft.-candle source and to carry back an image of what is reflected from the bladder wall. Using local and spinal anesthesia, the Cook County doctors have been able to see: the inflamed areas in cystitis; a tumor; an obstructed bladder neck; the encroachment of an enlarged prostate gland. Most important, they can pinpoint the exact location of a tumor or ulcer.

With one or more television screens, each showing a small bladder area enlarged to a 7-in. diameter, any number of doctors or students can look inside the patient's bladder simultaneously. There is far less chance of a diagnostic oversight when the physician can re-examine his findings on tape, and his observations are instantly checked by colleagues. At later stages of treatment, or if the patient moves away and is treated by another doctor, the color videotape record will recall accurately and precisely what the original condition was.

Color TV inside the body has been tried for examining the stomach, but the advantages over conventional gastrosc-

py are not so great as in the less accessible bladder. While moderate bleeding from the bladder wall, or the churning of heavy urinary sediment, may obscure the TV cystoscope's view, this blurring is usually only temporary. The pictures generally are clear and sharp—and in remarkably true color.

PEDIATRICS

Eczema & Vaccination

Eczema afflicts nearly half a million U.S. children under six—a statistic that can have serious consequences at vaccination time. An eczematous child inoculated against smallpox with the standard cowpox-virus vaccine may develop a severe and possibly fatal combination of cowpox and eczema known as eczema vaccinatum. Now the University of Colorado's Dr. C. Henry Kempe has resolved the conflict between the child's safety and the requirement for preschool vaccination.

Dr. Kempe, who has long been concerned by the dangers of wholesale, haphazard vaccinations (*TIME*, May 20), has been working for 20 years to devise a safer vaccine. To the American Pediatric Society in Atlantic City he reported the success that he and his colleagues have achieved. Starting with a standard strain of cowpox virus grown in calves, they repeatedly grew it in a series of fertilized eggs. The vaccine from the virus harvested from the last eggs in the series had about the same potency as the standard calf-lymph material and could be given by the usual multiple-puncture method, or injected under the skin, or shot in by an air-pressure gun.

The important difference was that no matter how it was given, children with eczema had less fever and even fewer severe reactions than normal children who got the standard shot. In 1,409 test vaccinations, only two children developed allergic complications, and they were mild and short-lived. Of the test subjects, 300 were later given the legally required shot of standard calf vaccine. Apparently preconditioned, not one suffered ill effects.

DERMATOLOGY

Sun Ban

"I'm an evangelist against this foolish sunbanning habit," says U.C.L.A. Dermatologist Dr. J. Walter Wilson. "But trying to persuade people to stop lying in the sun for hours is as difficult as getting them to give up smoking." Simply put, suntans may look good but they are very bad medicine. The sun's rays eventually cause the skin to wrinkle and sag, aging effects seen most clearly on the back of a cowboy's neck. The rays also produce lentigines, the brown marks often called liver spots. By far the worst result, however, is skin cancer.

Though rarely fatal, the sun-induced cancers often require surgical removal. In all, estimates Dr. Wilson, "thirty percent of the practice of dermatologists is treating skin changes that have been brought about by sunlight."

The problem is a relatively modern one. Whether out of innate good sense or colonialist snobbery, whites up through the 19th century shunned the tropical sun, carried parasols, wore big-brimmed hats and left exposure to non-whites, whom nature has kindly endowed with pigment protection. A white man's tan, in fact, is the result of a dark pigment that rises from mid-level layers of the skin in an effort to guard against further assaults by the sun. But such tanning was not thought of in the U.S.



AT THE BEACH IN 1885^{*}
Leave it to the plants.

as a sign of health until the 1920s, after sunlight had been publicized as a treatment for tuberculosis. It does indeed increase body production of Vitamin D, which helps control TB, but it has no other beneficial effects except occasional help for a case of acne or psoriasis.

Sitting in the sunlight, says Dr. Wilson, is good only for plants. "If you don't have chlorophyll in your veins and arteries, direct sunlight can do you nothing but harm.[†] Human beings would be healthy if they lived inside a building or cave all the time and never went out in the sun." They would also, of course, be pallid, and in today's civilization a pasty hue is no sign of beauty. Aware of that, Dr. Wilson suggests use of an "instant tan" product. For those who insist on the sun, he advises the most ray-opaque lotions available.

^{*} Right: Thomas A. Hendricks, Vice President of the U.S. during Grover Cleveland's first term.

[†] It does most harm to light-complexioned persons. This is apparently not related to hair color, as widely thought, but to eye color. Most sun-susceptible colors: light green and light blue.

SPORT

HORSE RACING

Clarion Call

The Kentucky Derby has produced more than its share of surprises, but it has never been a happy hunting ground for long-shot bettors. In 1913, a nag named Doneraile galloped home at 91 to 1, and in 1940 Gallahadion ran off with all the roses at 35 to 1. Outside of that, only ten times in 92 years has any horse hit the wire rated at more than 10 to 1. So imagine the astonishment at Churchill Downs last week when the Derby winner turned out to be Proud Clarion, a 30-to-1 shot that didn't even have a jockey 48 hours before the race. What's more, Proud Clarion ran the mile and a quarter in 2 min. 2 sec., third fastest time in history, only 2 sec. off the track record—and all in a steady downpour that turned the track to mud.

From his record, Proud Clarion hardly belonged in the same field with the likes of Damascus, winner of the Wood Memorial and this year's 8-to-5 Derby favorite, or with Ruken (2 to 1), winner of the Santa Anita Derby, or Successor (4 to 1), last year's two-year-old champion and the biggest money winner in the field, with \$445,829 in total earnings. Proud Clarion, in fact, had never even won a stakes race. As a two-year-old, he had earned a paltry \$805 finishing third in one out of three starts. This year he won a few sprint races and finished second to Diplomat Way, another Derby entrant, in the Blue Grass Stakes, pushing his earnings to \$14,060. But what the big day did have—and what the handicappers overlooked—were good blood lines and a trainer with roses in his past. Sired by Hail to Reason, a onetime two-year-old

champion, Proud Clarion was trained by Loyd Gentry for John W. Galbreath, whose Chateaugay won the 1963 Derby, and whose Graustark was rated one of the top thoroughbreds of 1966 until he broke down before last year's Derby.

Settling into Stride. For a jockey, Gentry and Galbreath eventually signed Bobby Ussery, 32, winner of more than 3,000 races in a 16-year career and veteran of four previous Derby tries. "Let him settle into his stride before you make your move," Gentry told Ussery. It seemed like useless advice. On the first turn, Proud Clarion was buried in the pack, and Ussery's face was spattered with mud as Barbs Delight fought Damascus for the lead. In the backstretch, Ussery moved to the outside, eased in behind the leaders—and waited. Then, coming into the homestretch, said Ussery, "I hit him three or four times." With a burst, Proud Clarion drove between Damascus and Diplomat Way, past Barbs Delight, and raced on to win by a length. Afterward, Trainer Gentry allowed as how Proud Clarion had been improving so fast that he thought the colt might be a sleeper. He still sounded like the most surprised man in Kentucky. "Just think," he said, "a month ago I was just coming up to the Derby with a horse that hadn't even won a race at the age of two."

BASEBALL

No Hits, No Luck

The popular notion of a no-hitter is a thing of beauty: a stouthearted pitcher smacking the ball down the alley with laser-beam control. The Baltimore Orioles' Steve Barber, 28, a fastballing left-hander who in six years with the Orioles

has compiled an eminently respectable 91-66 won-lost record, almost lived up to that notion three weeks ago. While heating the California Angels 3-0, he rarely allowed a ball out of the infield, walked only three men, and came within two outs of pitching the season's first no-hitter.

Last week, facing the Detroit Tigers, Steve went at it another way—like a wild man on the mound scaring batters half to death. In the first inning he walked one man; in the second he walked another; in the third he hit a batter. By the fifth inning, Baltimore Manager Hank Bauer was ready to yank him for a reliever. But the Tigers were so busy ducking that no one had even got a hit. On into the ninth it went, with the Orioles leading 1-0 and nothing but goose eggs for the Tigers. By now Steve had seven walks and two hit batsmen. Three more walks loaded the bases with two outs. And then, zing! A wild pitch brought Steve off the mound in an agonized scramble as the tying run scored.

With a sigh, Manager Bauer took Barber out and waved in Reliever Stu Miller. The next Detroit batter rapped Miller's first pitch up the middle for an easy third out—except that Second Baseman Mark Belanger dropped the force throw as another Detroit run crossed the plate. Final score: Tigers 2, Orioles 1; thus putting Barber and Miller into the records as the first two pitchers in baseball history to combine on a no-hitter in nine innings and still lose the game. Said Barber wistfully: "Well, if I ever do get another one, I'd like it to be a bit more artistic."

ICE HOCKEY

Hobbling off with the Cup

One of the enduring fascinations of the postseason playoffs is the way the pros—except for football—enjoy making monkeys of the experts when big money is at stake. Take hockey. At the end of the 70-game season, the league leaders are rewarded with \$2,250 per man. Then the first four teams meet in the Stanley Cup playoffs for \$5,250 per man—and all bets are off. Last week, the Toronto Maple Leafs walloped the Montreal Canadiens for their fourth Stanley Cup in six years. Only once in that time have they finished No. 1 in regular season play.

This year, hardly anybody outside of Toronto gave the Leafs much chance to make even the playoffs. Coach George ("Punch") Imlach's team was the oldest in the league, held together with stitches, tape and pride. Captain George Armstrong was 36 and quite possibly in his last season; Forward Red Kelly was 39; Defensesman Allan Stanley, 41. Goalie Johnny Bower admitted to 42. And behind him in the nets was Terry Sawchuk, 37, bothered by a chronically bad back and talking about retirement after an illustrious 20-year career that won him four Vezina trophies as hockey's top goalie. The experts consid-



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SAWCHUK IN ACTION
Like a walrus in the nets.

ered it a minor miracle when Toronto wound up the season third behind the Chicago Black Hawks and Montreal Canadiens—and awaited their speedy demise in the Stanley Cup.

"Down Their Throats." They should have remembered that long green is the color for leats. In the semifinals against the Black Hawks, the old pros put together a fierce, brutally checking defense that smothered the scoring rushes of Chicago's super stars Stan Mikita and Bobby Hull. Filling in for Johnny Bower with the series tied at two games apiece, Terry Sawchuk loomed like a bull walrus in the nets. At one point, Chicago's Hull rifled a 15-ft. slap shot with such force that Sawchuk toppled to the ice. Out rushed the Toronto trainer to see if Terry was all right. "I stopped it, didn't I?" growled Sawchuk, and scrambled to his feet to make a fantastic 37 saves as Toronto skated off with a 4-2 victory. After that, the sixth game was an anticlimax. Toronto won it 3-1 and went on to the finals against Montreal.

The younger, faster skating Canadiens got the same treatment. Again with the series at two games apiece, Sawchuk replaced Bower, now out for good with a groin injury. In three periods he beat back another 37 shots, allowed only a single goal as the Leafs won 4-1. With just one more win to go in the best-of-seven series, Toronto Coach Imlach told his team: "They said you old men couldn't possibly win the Stanley Cup. For some of you it's farewell. Now go out there and stick the puck down their throats." And so they did—with three goals, while Sawchuk was blocking, catching and kicking away everything the desperate Canadiens could fire at him. It was well into the third period before Montreal finally got one past him. But that was all. At the buzzer, the old folks skated off with a 3-1 victory, and the Stanley Cup. Terry Sawchuk could now retire.

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MUSIC

AVANT-GARDE

Quarter Master

Students who showed up last week for the previously announced band concert at Syracuse University's Crouse Hall were in for a jolt. The band had been canceled, and in its place was a performance with two pianos that were out of tune with each other, a soprano who bent her notes off pitch, and a chamber ensemble that blatted, swooped and squeaked like an ordinary orchestra warming up. At first it all sounded merely crabbed and comic, but soon it also took on the astringent freshness of a brave new musical vocabulary. It was a group of the Syracuse music faculty in a concert of quarter-tone music.

The familiar chromatic scale used in Western music is made up of half tones (the difference in pitch between two adjacent keys on the piano). Quarter tones are twice as close together, and thus produce an octave with 24 notes instead of the usual twelve. Such fine gradations of pitch are old stuff in the music of Asia and the Middle East, but only since the turn of the century have Western composers exploited the more complex, close-cut melodies and harmonies that quarter tones make possible.

The Syracuse concert—in which the two pianos were tuned a quarter tone apart—was a repeat of a program put on by the Contemporary Music Society at Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum, where it was such a success that Columbia Records decided to record it. Three young New York composers—Leo Macero, Calvin Hampton and Donald Lybbert—wrote new scores for the occasion in which colliding lines sometimes sent out strangely affecting shivers of dissonance. But the most musical moments were heard in three piano pieces by the late eccentric genius of 20th century American music, Charles Ives, who used quarter tones with a naturalness that suggested he had written them all his life (which he hadn't). Ives neatly captured such effects as tiny ragtime and plaintive New England hymns, framing them in a style that encompassed melting lyricism as well as the craggy melancholy of a wild, rock-rimmed seascape.

"Quarter-tone music has a tremendous potential," says George Pappastavrou, one of the pianists and organizers of the concert. "The thing seems to be snow bailing." Yet Ives predicted more than 40 years ago that it might be centuries before composers plumbed the quarter-tone system—or listeners' ears got accustomed to it. Meantime, he warned, "To go to extremes in anything is an old-fashioned habit."

Notable experimenters: Czechoslovakia's Alois Hába, Russia's Ivan Vyschnegradsky, author of a text on quarter-tone theory, and Mexico's Julian Carrillo, who has invented instruments that play quarter, eighth and even sixteenth tones.

CONDUCTORS

The Diffident Dutchman

The stage was set for a real-life version of the scene in which the Unknown Young Musician gets his Big Break, triumphs, and rockets to international fame. But the hero balked.

Amsterdam's renowned, 78-year-old Concertgebouw Orchestra, on the eve of a 1956 performance of the Cherubini *Requiem in C Minor*, desperately needed a substitute for ailing Conductor Carlo Maria Giulini; it turned to 27-year-old Bernard Haitink, an assistant conductor and former second violinist of the Dutch Radio Orchestra, who had

He was brought up in a prosperous, nonmusical Amsterdam family, "dripped" into music as a violin student at nine, admits that most of his conducting has been learned in on-the-job training. Sometimes painfully self-deprecating ("Of course you have ups and downs, but I am a conductor who has too many downs"), he feels he got the Concertgebouw post at his age only as "a credit card for the future."

The only time Haitink acts the part of a confident conductor is when he steps on the podium. Then he is all that might be expected of somebody who is regarded as one of the top younger figures in the field—firm, precise, sensitive, adept at molding the rich chiaroscuro of the Concertgebouw sound without blurring the melodies or jostling



HAITINK CONDUCTING THE CONCERTGEBOW IN NEW HAVEN
Thank goodness hotter heads prevailed.

led the work not long before. "No," replied Haitink. "I'm not ready, and anyway, I'd like to stay alive." Hotter heads prevailed. Haitink conducted, and the familiar scenario spun to its happy conclusion: he was invited back by the Concertgebouw, soon began guest-conducting all over Europe and America, joined the Concertgebouw as a permanent conductor in 1961, took over as its music director in 1964. Today, at 38, he says: "I'm still alive, and so is the orchestra, and I think we got on together."

Too Many Downs. They do get on harmoniously, although somewhat in the relationship of a national monument and its custodian. In a profession where flamboyance and arrogance are often the hallmarks of talent, the diffident Haitink is an anomaly. A short (5 ft. 6 in.), quiet man who likes to take long birdwatching rambles in the woods, he is still slightly awed by the Concertgebouw's tradition of polished, mellow musicianship and its line of distinguished conductors, particularly Willem Mengelberg and Eduard van Beinum.

the rhythms. Under his baton, the orchestra is not yet burnished to the glow it had under Mengelberg, and in some of the repertoire he has not yet overcome a faint tendency toward coolness and restraint. But when he conducts the full, darkly romantic music that seems to echo the Dutch temperament—Mahler or Bruckner, for example—he is superb.

Solid Payment. Last week, on its fourth U.S. visit, the Concertgebouw left New York on its way to the Midwest, playing college concerts at Yale, Rochester and Oberlin. The highlight at every stop was a broad, impeccably phrased performance of Bruckner's *Symphony No. 7*. Haitink's carefully reasoned, deeply felt interpretation brought out each secondary melody and delicately balanced the softest shimmer of strings with the noblest blast of brass. Yet, as he built from climax to climax, he never lost sight of the underlying line in the hour-long score. It was not only magnificent music making but also a solid payment on Haitink's credit card.

THE LAW

JUDGES

Interpreter in the Front Line (See Cover)

Every major human confrontation imprints names and images on the minds of those who witness it, and the struggle for civil rights has left deep imprints, especially in the South. There were the marchers streaming over Selma's Pettus Bridge on their way to Montgomery, Ala., after having been stopped by tear gas and cattle prods the day before. There was the blank puzzlement on the faces of Collie Leroy Wilkins and his two accomplices after their conviction for violating the civil rights of Selma Marcher Viola Liuzzo, after they had been previously acquitted of murdering her. There were the pictures of Negro voters forming a long line outside an Alabama county store to vote for the first time: of Governor George Wallace "standing in the schoolhouse door"; and of a younger Martin Luther King (before his Nobel Prize) organizing and leading the Montgomery bus boycott through to success.

Millions of Americans know these names and remember these scenes. Yet few know the name of the man central to them all, Frank Minis Johnson, the U.S. district judge for Alabama's 23 southeastern counties. At 48, Johnson has established an impressive record of calm and considered judgment that has stamped him as one of the most important men in America. In 114 years of interpreting and enforcing the U.S. Constitution, he has wrought social and political changes that affect all of Alabama, all of the South, all of the nation.

The Man Who. It was Frank Johnson who applied the school-desegregation decision to the Montgomery bus system—and thus helped speed desegregation of all public facilities in the South.

It was Frank Johnson who ordered both marchers and police to halt their confrontation at Selma, and then—although he disapproves of most demonstrations—gave the marchers permission to go ahead.

It was Frank Johnson who sat as a member of the three-judge court that abolished the Alabama poll tax; that handed down the first order requiring a state to reapportion its voting districts; that produced the first reapportionment plan devised by judges. It was Frank Johnson who so inspired an Alabama jury with a sense of responsibility that it was able to convict the three Ku Klux Klansmen who gunned down Viola Liuzzo on the road back to Montgomery from Selma.

It was Frank Johnson who mustered

the three-judge court that has just ordered desegregation of all of Alabama's 118 school districts next fall—the first such statewide ruling in the nation, and perhaps the most important school order since the Supreme Court's school decision of 1954.

Vision & Conscience. Johnson's record is all the more remarkable in light of the fact that federal district judges—314 of them in 97 U.S. district courts throughout the country—are more vulnerable to local pressures than any other members of the federal bench. Not only is a district judge drawn from his locality; he almost always owes his job to his



JOHNSON IN OFFICE

One man central to them all.

state's dominant politicians—particularly the U.S. Senators. Chosen by men committed to local interests, he is then sworn to uphold national principles that may conflict with those interests.

Alabama-born and bred, Johnson could not be more sensitive to his state's cherished traditions and prejudices. His courtroom in Montgomery is only seven blocks from the statehouse, where a band played *Dixie* while Jefferson Davis was sworn in as Confederate President, and where Lurleen Wallace now sits as Governor. Yet for Johnson, a rare Republican in a Democratic state, legal vision and the dictates of conscience have always outweighed local pressure. He rejects labels—liberal, conservative or any other. His sole cause is not civil rights but the law. "I'm not a segregationist," he says, "but I'm not a crusader, either. I don't make the law. I don't create the facts. I interpret the law."

Such dispassion is all the more impressive now that the steam has gone out of the civil rights movement. John-

son could easily soft-pedal equal rights—many of the Confederacy's 70 U.S. district judges have done just that. But he goes on applying the law to the facts in every case. Says he: "I don't see how a judge who approaches these cases with any other philosophy, particularly if he was born and reared in the South, can discharge his oath and the responsibility of his office."

Questions & Answers. Unmentioned in the Constitution, that office goes back to 1789, when U.S. district courts were set up with jurisdiction limited largely to maritime cases and suits between citizens of different states. But as federal law grew after the Civil War, so did the need for U.S. trial courts with broader scope. In 1875, district courts were given jurisdiction over a wide range of federal questions. District judges now handle every sort of lawsuit under the federal sun—including antitrust cases, bank robberies, bankruptcies, draft evasion, obscenity suits, patent infringements, railroad disputes, tax dodging and habeas corpus petitions from state prisoners (up 36% since 1963). Also copyright infringements, kidnapping, moonshining cases, compensation for injuries at sea and auto accidents involving citizens of different states (20% of all civil cases), and such federal misdemeanors as trapping migratory birds, concealing letters in parcel-post packages. And a lot more.

The civil case load rises relentlessly over the years. From 58,293 cases in 1961, it climbed to 79,906 last year. One reason is that many lawyers prefer federal to state courts on the ground that the judges are able, the jurors brighter and the rules fairer. It has not done any good to hike the minimum dollar amount involved in many federal suits to \$10,000; lawyers simply sue for more. Though Congress has added 73 district judges since 1961, almost 10% of all civil cases still take more than three years to settle.

Power & Prestige. None of this discourages lawyers from seeking district judgeships: for the last 63 appointments, 800 volunteered their services. Away from the urban anonymity of such hydraheaded courts as New York's 24-judge Southern District, a local U.S. judge may control a federal fiefdom that makes him a prime public figure. The \$30,000-a-year salary may seem low viewed from Wall Street or Chicago's LaSalle Street, but it goes a long way in most areas, and the status is unbeatable. Appointed for life (barring misconduct), district judges are untouched by re-election pressures and are subject to no real discipline save a higher court's reversal. Kings of their courtrooms, they can set the whole constitutional tone in their areas. They can speed up or delay cases, comment on trial evidence, discipline lawyers, hold gaddies in contempt, and try many matters without a jury.

In many cases, the country's lowest-ranking federal judges can overrule the highest state judges. In 1908, district

judges acquired wide-ranging power over cases in which state laws and actions are challenged as unconstitutional. If they so choose, federal judges can sometimes make litigants go to state courts first—a handy delaying technique for segregationist Southern judges.

Senatorial Courtesy. Indeed, the whole selection system may produce judges more attuned to local prejudice than to national principle. By law and by custom, the President appoints federal judges with the Senate's advice and consent. But if one of the state's Senators protests that the judicial nominee is "personally objectionable" to him, the whole Senate usually honors his veto. A lawyer's best route to the bench, therefore, is electioneering for Senators and the President. As chairman of the Judiciary Committee, the chief enforcer of "senatorial courtesy" is Mississippi Segregationist James O. Eastland. If he disapproves, a President's nominee may never make it unless he is "traded out" for one of Eastland's own favorite candidates for another judgeship.

In this situation, Southern Democratic Senators have managed to load the Southern bench with segregationists. Having no Southern Republican Senators to contend with, President Eisenhower managed to appoint some first-rate Southern Republican judges—notably, Elbert Tuttle and John Minor Wisdom of the trail-blazing U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, which has often kept the Constitution alive in the South. But Ike also had to trade with Eastland for several segregationists, and John Kennedy recoiled from offending Southern Democrats whose Senate votes he needed. Of Kennedy's eight Deep South appointees, four verge on racism.

Among the Kennedy appointees entrenched for life in Southern district courts: Mississippi's Judge W. Harold Cox, 65, who once called Negro would-be voters "chimpanzees"; Louisiana's Judge E. Gordon West, 52, who called the Supreme Court's 1954 school ruling "one of the truly regrettable decisions of all time"; and Georgia's Judge J. Robert Elliott, 57, who once said: "I don't want these pinks, radicals and black voters to outvote those who are trying to preserve our segregation laws and traditions." Little can be done about such Jim Crow Magnons short of impeachment—a tactic used successfully only four times since 1789.

Shotgun in Bed. In the interests of constitutional government, other judges have stood fast against angry Negroes, Northern militants, Southern thugs, canny state lawyers and waves of state laws designed to perpetuate segregation. Many judges have been ostracized by old friends, abused by nocturnal phone callers, wiretapped by state agents, threatened with death. So hounded was South Carolina's Judge J. Waties Waring in the early 1950s that he retired and moved to New York. Refused local police protection in 1955, Alabama's Judge Hobart Grooms slept with a shot-

gun for months. But slowly, because of such dogged constitutionalists, the pall of segregation is being lifted from the South—from the schoolhouse to the bus station, from the jury box to the ballot box.

Boldly facing down the entire state legislature, Louisiana's Judge J. Skelly Wright desegregated New Orleans schools in 1961. With devastating dignity, Florida's Judge Bryan Simpson quashed bloody disorders in St. Augustine in 1964. By holding Bogalusa's do-nothing police in contempt, Louisiana's Judge Herbert Christenberry prevented a bloodletting among rights workers in 1965. Even rigidly segregated Plaquemines Parish fell to Christenberry's school-integration order in 1966, and Mississippi's foot-dragging Judge Cox now concedes that "segregation is completely out the window."

Catfish Row. Since 1955, one of the principal battlegrounds of the law has been the district courtroom on the second floor of Montgomery's post office, a federal outpost that flies the Stars and Stripes rather than the Stars and Bars that top the statehouse. Frank Johnson's courtroom is stylishly WPA, a towering place with ornate ceiling beams, a gallery, and a bench that stands before a blue wall studded with gold stars. Through a door in the starry wall strides the judge, lean and tanned in his unvarying crisp black suit, white shirt and black tie. He usually shuns robes: "If a judge needs a robe and a gavel, he hasn't established control."

Control was the word for Johnson in the recent trial of Harvey King Conner, a former Elmore County deputy sheriff charged with beating a Negro motorist to death last November. A county grand jury refused to indict the 200-lb. Conner, although two state troopers had seen him hitting the 155-lb. Negro with a blackjack. He was therefore tried in Johnson's court on the federal charge of having denied the victim's civil rights.

On the bench, Johnson perched half-moon spectacles on his patrician nose; his brown eyes scanned a document in the Conner case. He peered up from un-



ALABAMA NEGROES REGISTERING (1965)
The kings set the constitutional tone.

der bushy brows; a hush fell. The room was jammed with ventrmen: Negroes as well as whites, women as well as men—a Johnson jury. Only one Negro survived defense challenges—an elderly Negro brickmason who later voted for conviction—but that might have happened in northern Maine. At one point, a defense lawyer mocked a Negro witness in the patronizing accents of Catfish Row. Objection by the prosecution, "Sustained," snapped Johnson. "Such remarks have no bearing on this case." At another point, a Government lawyer thudded to the floor in a dead faint, Pandemonium. Unfazed, Johnson intoned, "The other lawyers will carry on." They did. Conner was acquitted with all the fairness that can be wrung out of the jury system in Alabama.

Mutual Bell. One civil rights lawyer says that Johnson "runs his courtroom like a ship in the old tradition, like an

SELMA MARCHERS TURNED BACK FROM PETTUS BRIDGE (1965)





GREAT-GRANDFATHER JOHNSON (1875)
Straight is a trait.

English man-o'-war. He is about as good as a trial judge can be." Another rights lawyer calls Johnson "entirely fair. You can never tell whether he's going to rule for you or against you." Even lawyers on the other side of the civil rights fence cannot restrain themselves. Adds one: "He's the quickest at grasping points of complicated cases of any judge I've ever seen." Says another Alabamian: "He gives 'em all hell."

The classic example occurred in 1961 after Montgomery police watched idle as Freedom Riders were beaten. Sternly enjoining all parties from further action and reaction, Johnson flinted a segregationist's nightmare: "If there are other such occurrences, I'm going to put some Klansmen, some police officials and some Negro preachers together in the U.S. penitentiary."

Republican Island. Johnson's austere impartiality is a family trait. As the first Republican sheriff of Fayette County, Great-Grandfather James Wallace Johnson was so fair that people called him "Straight Edge." Frank Johnson grew up in northern Alabama's non-Negrophobic Winston County. Because it had few slaves in 1861, Winston refused to secede in the Civil War (Johnson's forebears fought on both sides) and stayed neutral as "the Free State of Winston." It remains independently Republican. At one point, Johnson's father was the only Republican in the Alabama legislature—a situation that is now an ironic impossibility, since Johnson reapportioned the state. Combined by the judge with a more populous Democratic county, the Winston district now elects a Democratic legislator.

Johnson's mother was born Alabama Long. His father was once elected Winston County probate judge, and young Frank loved to hang around Daddy's courtroom listening to lawyers arguing cases. (Johnson's only child, Johnny,

18, does the same today.) All the same, Johnson did not decide to become a lawyer until he had graduated from Mississippi's Gulf Coast Military Academy, worked as a surveyor, spent a year in business college and, at 19, married a Winston County girl named Ruth Jenkins. Both worked their way through the University of Alabama.

Ruth graduated first and helped the family finances by teaching speech at nearby Tuscaloosa County High School. One of her ace pupils was Lurleen Burns, now Governor Lurleen Wallace. One of Frank's law classmates was George Wallace, a sometime bantam-weight boxer and big man on campus. Even then, recalls Johnson, Wallace had "an uncanny ability to sense moves and determine an effective appeal."

George courted Lurleen at a local clerk store, where she was a 16-year-old clerk, then went off to World War II service as a B-29 crewman (nine combat missions in the Pacific). The war also separated the Johnsons. Ruth served as a wave lieutenant in Washington, editing secret papers for an admiral on the Joint Chiefs of Staff. An infantry lieutenant in Patton's army, Frank won a Bronze Star in the Normandy invasion, was wounded twice and sent back to England as a legal officer.

Activist Opener. Back home in Alabama, Trial Lawyer Johnson discovered the sometime profit of being a Southern Republican. Though Stevenson swept Alabama in 1952, Johnson served as one of Eisenhower's nine state campaign managers. His reward: appointment, at 34, as U.S. attorney for northern Alabama. His two-year record: impressive. In one of the few such cases since Reconstruction, for example, Johnson won a peonage conviction against two Alabama planters who had paid Mississippi jailers to bind Negro prisoners over to them. In 1955 late intervened with the death of the U.S. judge for Alabama's Middle District. Johnson drew up a modest résumé, won the support of state G.O.P. leaders, met Ike in Washington and got the job one week past his 37th birthday.

Far younger than most new district judges (average age: 51), Johnson quickly made a name for himself in 1956 by extending the Supreme Court's school decision to Montgomery's segregated buses. In *Browder v. Gayle*, Johnson joined with Circuit Judge Richard T. Rives (a Truman appointee) on a three-judge panel to hand down a decisive majority vote to desegregate the buses.

More Than Peanuts. The result not only vindicated Martin Luther King's Montgomery bus boycott—it also keyed Johnson's whole judicial development. If a right applied in one area, he quickly applied it in another—always in spare, lucid opinions based on rock-hard facts. Thus, in 1963, Johnson broadened the Supreme Court's famous *Gideon* right-to-counsel decision (1961) by ruling that court-appointed lawyers must be paid for their services because the Constitution requires "effective" counsel. Con-

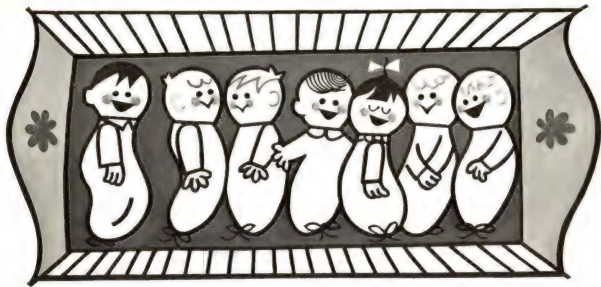
gress soon followed with a law requiring payment in federal courts everywhere in the U.S. Conversely, last year Johnson condemned another kind of legal pay: the fees for convictions that Alabama justices of the peace had long pocketed as their only income. That ruling, faithful to a widely ignored 1927 decision of the Supreme Court, may kill the archaic j.p. system all over the South. "If a judge has a financial stake in the outcome," says Johnson, "he's disqualified."

Even in the 75% of his cases that resemble any other district judge's—from bankruptcy to counterfeiting—Johnson is a judge of rare innovation. Before handing out sentences in open court, for example, he follows the unusual practice of inviting all defendants and their families to discuss presentencing reports in the privacy of his chambers. His compassion is evident in even the most minor cases—many of which inevitably involve race. In one, a white man had allegedly hired four Negroes to help him steal peanuts from a federal warehouse. The jury acquitted the white man, convicted the Negroes. Pondered, Johnson dropped a balancing thumb onto the scales of Alabama justice as he handed down the Negroes' sentence: 30 minutes in the custody of the U.S. marshal.

Happy Reversal. In 1957, in another balancing problem—iniquities in voting—Johnson's hewing to the law earned him his only civil rights reversal by the Supreme Court. In Tuskegee, where Negroes outnumber whites 4 to 1, the state legislature had gerrymandered the city in a 28-sided figure that barred all but four Negroes from voting in municipal elections. Citing Supreme Court precedents, Johnson held that he had no power over that particular kind of state action. By disagreeing, in *Gomillion v. Lightfoot* (1960), the Supreme Court took the crucial step toward its historic "one man, one vote"



WAVE LIEUT. JOHNSON (1944)
Teaching Lurleen and editing brass.



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decision in *Baker v. Carr* (1962). Not unhappy with the reversal, Johnson then restored the boundary lines in Tuskegee, where Negroes were soon elected to office.

Since then, the Supreme Court has sustained Johnsonian opinions all the way. After *Baker* gave U.S. courts power over state voting districts, Alabama tried to base apportionment of the legislature's upper house on geography rather than population. A three-judge court including Johnson voided that idea in *Reynolds v. Sims* (1962), which produced the first court order for reapportionment in U.S. history. After that, Alabama tried to bar Negro legislators by combining white and Negro counties. In voiding that scheme in *Sims v. Baggett* (1965), the judges reapportioned the legislature themselves—another national first.

Freezing Formula. Johnson has long been the foremost champion of voting rights on the Southern bench—even though he was temporarily stymied in the early stages of *U.S. v. Alabama*, launched in 1959 as the first major test of the 1957 Civil Rights Act. In Macon County, 97% of eligible whites were registered to vote, 8% of eligible Negroes—the familiar result of intimidation and tricky tests applied only to Negroes. To avoid giving the federal courts a target for injunction, the Macon registration board periodically resigned. The tactic worked: Johnson found that the 1957 rights law authorized suits only against "persons." When the registrars resigned, there were no persons left to act against. The Justice Department could not sue the Governor, since he does not exercise direct control of registrars; Johnson therefore had to refuse an injunction plea against "the registrars of Macon County."

As a direct result of this adverse ruling, the 1960 Civil Rights Act authorized voting suits against states and state governmental groups as well as persons. In 1961, Johnson duly rapped the Macon board's "puny excuses" and enjoined its assorted subterfuges. Most important, he ordered the board to register any Negro whose qualifications equaled those of the "least qualified white." Called the "freeze doctrine," that rule for righting imbalances became the Fifth Circuit's standard formula in voting cases, and was substantially incorporated into the 1965 Voting Rights Act.

Reflex Anger. Before the passage of that act, militant civil rights leaders descended on the Dallas County city of Selma in March 1965. They delighted at the reflex anger of Dallas Sheriff Jim Clark and his mounted "posse men," his electric-shock cattle prods, and forced marches of Negro children. After the inevitable clash on Sunday, March 7, 1965, when 650 Negroes met tear gas and clubs, Judge Johnson enjoined both Governor George Wallace and Martin Luther King from further action. Then he pondered a tough issue—whether to let the Negroes cross Pettus Bridge, march on Route 80 to Montgomery,

and petition Governor Wallace for their voting rights.

Johnson permitted the march in an opinion holding that "the right to assemble, demonstrate and march peaceably along the highways and streets in an orderly manner should be commensurate with the enormity of the wrongs that are being protested against. In this case, the wrongs are enormous."

He has also ruled in the other direction. In 1966, he refused jurisdiction in a school-desegregation case after finding



GOLFING AT MAXWELL A.T.B.
Nothing lost worth keeping.

that Negroes had assaulted the principal and become a "hysterical mob." Also rebuffed: 167 persons who disobeyed police while picketing the state capitol. As Johnson saw it, civil righteousness is no excuse for lawlessness.

Last-Ditch Verdict. Soon after Selma came Johnson's finest hour of putting down lawlessness: the trial of the three Klansmen for gunning down Detroit Housewife Viola Liuzzo on Route 80 after the march. A Lowndes County jury had acquitted Collie Leroy Wilkins, though an FBI informant testified that he saw Wilkins commit the murder. The case then moved to Johnson's court. In a 30-page charge to the jury, Johnson painstakingly discussed the American trial system as "a beacon of hope and a last resort for the protection of individual citizens." Solemnly, he called for a verdict that "rests completely upon the proposition of justice rendered by an impartial court and rendered by twelve impartial jurors."

After 24 hours' deliberation, the jury reported back "hopelessly deadlocked." Coolly Johnson replied: "There is no reason to assume that the case will ever

be submitted to twelve more intelligent, more impartial or more competent men to decide it, or that more or clearer evidence will be produced on one side or the other." He sent them back. After three more hours, the jury reached a verdict: guilty. Johnson sentenced all three Klansmen to the maximum ten years in prison.

Positive Clout. Predictably, Johnson's bold blows for justice have triggered an increasing number of collisions with George and now Lurleen Wallace. Johnson's current battle with the Wallaces grows out of a 1963 case in which he ordered twelve Negro students admitted to all-white Tuskegee High School. After the whites switched to a private school, receiving state tuition grants of \$185 a year, Governor George Wallace sent 216 state troopers to bar the Negro children from the high school. In the ensuing struggle, Wallace mobilized the Alabama National Guard. President Kennedy federalized it, and Wallace closed the school. Johnson put the Negroes in other white schools—and a five-judge court convened at Johnson's request ordered Wallace to quit sabotaging desegregation.

This March that order was given the most positive clout in Southern school history. Invoking the 14th Amendment, a three-judge court mustered by Johnson ordered Alabama to "take affirmative action to disestablish state-enforced or -encouraged" segregation across the state. Wallace & Co. could no longer pin the rap on individual school boards, said the court. By all evidence, the state itself controls all public schools and most state colleges. As a result, Alabama has the lowest percentage of Negro integration of any state (2.4%). More than 25% of Negro high schools are unaccredited, compared with 3.4% of the white schools. School spending is \$607 for each white student, only \$295 for Negroes. Of the state's 28,000 teachers, only 76 teach students of another race.

Affirmative Precedent. To right the wrongs, Johnson's court issued a top-to-bottom desegregation plan that allows every student to designate the school of his choice. Choices must be made during the current school year, with no second guesses permitted when the new year begins. If overcrowding results, students will be assigned to the schools nearest their homes, without regard to race or color. The state is enjoined to foster integration in all other areas of public education: the location of new schools, faculty assignments, busing, and spending per pupil.

Much of this plan for Alabama, notably the school-choice system, was echoed by the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals this month in a non-sensational decision ordering "affirmative" desegregation next fall in all grades in seven school districts in Alabama and Louisiana. The Supreme Court has refused to stay that order. District courts are now obliged to apply it throughout the Fifth Circuit's territory: Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and



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Texas. After 13 years of deliberate delay, 77.5% of the South's Negro pupils are still segregated; now they may get a crack at equal education.

The "affirmative action" precedent may some day be used to attack *de facto* segregated schools in the North as well. Not that Northern judges are yet obliged to follow the precedent: its applicability depends on proof that a segregated system is the result of unconstitutional state action. Meanwhile, the Wallaces are apparently determined to stage a dramatic happening in Alabama next fall—a confrontation between state and federal forces comparable to Little Rock. George has already declared: "You know what we're goin' to tell them when they ask us to give 'em more in the schools of Alabama this fall? I'll tell you what we'll tell 'em: 'Goddammit, we jus' ain't.'"

Toward that end, Lurleen delivered a TV speech in March invoking the discredited doctrine of interposition—the notion that a state government can halt any federal action it deems unconstitutional. Conjuring up visions of parents being jailed wholesale by federal agents, Lurleen asked the legislature to hire more state troopers. Not only must all Alabamians resist desegregation "in every possible way," cried Lurleen, but "the entire nation is the battlefield! This is what Hitler did in Germany!"

The argument failed to impress a group of three Southern Governors convened by George and Lurleen to map strategy against the integration order. But it was bound to go down well in Alabama, where State Education Superintendent Austin R. Meadows said last summer: "Segregation is the basic principle of culture. The good segregate themselves from the bad." Avoiding euphemism, Alabama's Chief Justice J. Edwin Livingston says plainly: "I'm for segregation, and I don't care who knows it. I would close every school from the highest to the lowest before I would go to school with colored people."

Unlisted Number. Judge Johnson pays no attention. Two boys once burned a cross in his front yard, but to Johnson it was just a prank. After anonymous callers threatened to bomb his family, he simply got an unlisted number; federal agents have periodically guarded his comfortable ranch house ever since. He keeps a current file on all active Alabama Klan-men. Asked whether his wires are tapped, Johnson lights up another Home Run cigarette to brand that makes Gauloises seem *bleu* by comparison) and noncommittally draws: "I've made a studied effort to avoid areas of paranoia."

It takes an effort. When the judge's son Johnny was attending a private school in Montgomery, George Wallace chortled that Johnson was evading desegregation, and state agents descended on the school to investigate alleged "Communist overtones." No clues have yet led to the persons unknown who set off a bomb outside the Montgomery

home of Johnson's 69-year-old mother two weeks ago. The Johnsons have lost friends, though "none we wanted to keep." They belong to Montgomery's handsome country club, but the judge confines his avid golfing (mid-80s) to a few open-minded military partners at nearby Maxwell Air Force Base, where "it's easier to be just Frank Johnson." He is not about to defend his decisions by writing articles or giving law-school lectures. "Judges make their decrees," he says. "They can't sell 'em."

One of Johnson's rare lapses into the luxury of legal lecturing comes each May 1—declared Law Day by President Eisenhower in 1958. Johnson regularly schedules naturalization ceremonies for that day to emphasize the supremacy of the law. Last week Johnson assembled 41 new Americans in his Montgomery courtroom to make points not only



MRS. JOHNSON SR. AFTER BOMBING
 Difficult to avoid the paranoia.

about the law in general, but about the law as it pertains specifically to the Alabama and the U.S. of 1967.

"It is necessary," he said, "now more than ever, that the responsible American citizen realize and discharge his obligation constantly to support and defend the proposition that our law is supreme and must be obeyed. This means that irresponsible criticism—by those who can hardly read the Constitution, much less study it and interpret it—must not be allowed to stand unchallenged."

"When those who frustrate the law, who undermine judicial decisions, run riot and provide uncured leadership for a return to nothing more than medieval savagery, for the responsible American citizen to remain silent is tantamount to cowardice: it is a grievous injustice to the proposition that in America the law is supreme."

On or off the bench, Judge Johnson has rarely been silent.

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ART



ARCHITECT'S RENDERING OF NEW DENDUR DISPLAY
Under a great glass wing.

MUSEUMS

A Temple on Fifth Avenue

All museum directors thrive on a mixture of acquisitiveness and showmanship. In his first month as director of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum, former New York Parks Commissioner Thomas P. F. Hoving, 36, has put his theatrical talents to good use. To get New Yorkers to take a fresh view of the Met's treasures, he displayed some 600 of them, ranging from the silver portrait of a 4th century Sassanian king to Marie Antoinette's doghouse, under the title "In the Presence of Kings." The array drew 62,000 visitors to the museum on a recent Sunday. Last week Hoving demonstrated that showmanship leads to acquisitions, too.

Up for grabs was the richly carved and graven Temple of Dendur, Greco-Roman Egyptian ruin that has slumbered for 2,000 years in the crystalline Egyptian sunlight, 130 miles up the Nile from Luxor. It was originally dedicated to two Egyptian brothers, Pteseri and Pthor, who had been drowned in the Nile. When the rising waters of the 300-mile-long lake formed by the Aswan High Dam similarly threatened to engulf their sanctuary, the Egyptian government had it dismantled into 650 pieces in 1962. The temple was offered to the U.S. in gratitude for a \$16 million U.S. contribution toward saving older and larger temples, including Abu Simbel.

Sandpile. As Egyptian temples go, Dendur is a midjet. It weighs a mere 800 tons, consists of only three rooms and a monumental entry gate, measures 82 ft. from front to back. Nonetheless, more than 20 U.S. museums, appropriately including one each from Memphis, Tenn., and Cairo, Ill., applied for it. The two leading contenders were Washington's Smithsonian and New York's Met, and the jockeying in what

became known as "the Dendur Derby" began right from the start. When the White House asked the Smithsonian to name a committee to award the temple, the Met protested, charging a conflict of interest. To resolve the conflict, the White House last January named a five-man independent commission with three Egyptologists on it.

With the backing of Interior Secretary Udall, the Smithsonian argued before the commission that the temple should be erected outdoors on the banks of the Potomac, for the benefit of the capital's 9,000,000 annual tourists. The Smithsonian maintained that the temple's porous sandstone, which is so soft a man can scratch it with his finger, could be coated with synthetic resins to protect it in the East Coast's soggy climate. The Met cited testimony indicating that any outdoor setting would reduce the temple to a pile of sand and stone stumps in 30 years.

Night Light. Then Hoving delivered his master stroke. He presented renderings done by the Met's architects of a gargantuan, glistening 136-ft.-long glass case (or, as Hoving calls it, a "vitrine") that would extend westward into Central Park from the Met's north wing to house the temple. The showcase would be supported by self-supporting, interlocking trusses that would be virtually invisible; the whole temple would be lit up at night so that its contents could be seen from afar by passers-by on Fifth Avenue.

The commissioners unanimously recommended the Met to the President, who last week gave his approval. Estimated cost of the wing, half of which will be borne by the City of New York: \$2,500,000. Estimated date of completion: 1970, when the Met plans its centennial. Commented Hoving, a performer who likes to throw away a line now and then: "It's a good thing to have."

SCULPTURE

White Wings in the Sunlight

Rarely has the Los Angeles County Museum been so thoroughly occupied as it was last week. Two floors of its Special Exhibitions Gallery, plus three outdoor plazas, were chock full of sculpture. In all, 166 pieces by 80 artists have been assembled by Modern Art Curator Maurice Tuchman for a mammoth exhibition: "American Sculpture of the Sixties." Whatever space was left over was taken up by Angelinos. On the first three days, more than 10,000 adults (not counting their children) milled up the steps from Wilshire Boulevard, past the bouncing Calder *Hello Girls* and the spikelike Riecky *Two Red Lines*, both set in the museum's pool, and on into the bright assemblage of glinting, sometimes kinetic and nearly always gigantic sculpture.

Much of the show's popularity was undoubtedly traceable to its carnival aspects. Children, especially, delighted in watching Len Iye's kinetic *Flip and 2 Twisters*, stood entranced as three giant loops of steel jumped and jiggled for 15 minutes at a time. Adults, too, joined in the good-humored spoofs of Claes Oldenburg's gigantic, canvas-covered *Ice Cream Cone* and *Falling Shoestring Potatoes*, and his plaster *Pecan Pie*. They poked their fingers into the spongelike walls of Harold Paris' *Pantomima Illiuma*, a "feelies" room containing \$10,000 worth of molded, twisted and flat rubber and polyurethane, tensor lights and stainless-steel. Grandmothers cheerfully took off their shoes to clamber around in Lucas Samaras' glittering, mirror-encrusted *Allice-in-Wonderland* rabbit warren, *Corridor*, 1967. Hippies gazed dreamily through the barred door of Edward Kienholz' *The State Hospital* into a Lysol-scented interior where lay the pathetic form of a lunatic old man.

Chunky Highlights. In all this Disneyland atmosphere, the handsomest work was undoubtedly the most stationary: the many varieties of outsized, technologically sophisticated minimal sculpture, much of it stationed outdoors (see *color pages*). David Von Schlegell's 42-ft.-long jet delta wings gleamed in the sunlight like anchors for interplanetary fleets. Robert Grosvenor's 24-ft.-long yellow *Still No Title* lanced downward from a portico of the museum building like a bolt of sunlight, ending a breath-taking eight inches from the pavement. John McCracken's brilliant blue column reflected shades upon shades of the California ethos; Lyman Kipp's *Muscow* piled reds, greens, blues and yellows jumbly together like an enterprising architect's leftover bundle of construction beams.

Minimal sculpture, when seen indoors, commonly overwhelms the viewer. Outdoors, it takes on what Curator Tuchman, 30, calls "a heroic quality." Besides, it gets the benefits of the California sunshine, which Tuchman, who is a recent migrant from New York, describes rhapsodically as "more diffuse,



"American Sculpture of the Sixties," a selection of some 166 works at the Los Angeles County Museum, focuses much of its attention on cool, geometric art. Outstanding exam-

ples, set against the background of the Hollywood hills, are the 42-ft.-long aluminum panels of David Von Schlegell and (in foreground) the knobby metalwork of Wilfrid Zogbaum.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TERRY O'NEILL



True-blue upright by John McCracken and multicolor by Lyman Kipp echo museum's verticals. At right, ractuslike Calder is silhouetted against Robert Grassman's plunging yellow diagonal.



The enclosed form of Tony Berlant's nail-studded "Marriage of New York and Athens" combines classical severity, theater marquee's tinsel glitter.



Open innuk gym by Manhattan's Sol Lewitt gains by outdoor exposure as the California sun creates a changing pattern of sparkling highlights and blue-grey shadows, cut in squares.

more intense, with a pervasive glare, a kind of luminescence." Sol Lewitt's white jungle gym, for instance, gains a thousand chunky highlights from the sun. The California show also clearly demonstrates that the new cool geometry, which is often combined with bright color or gleaming industrial surfaces, is a truly nationwide movement. And the West Coast is at least as skillful as the East Coast. The razzmatazz *Marriage of New York and Athens*, created by Los Angeles Artist Tony Berlant, 26, outshines many competing works by New York sculptors in the principal downstairs gallery hall.

Built from *Blueprints*, Curator Tuchman, who took two years to assemble his show and visited 300 studios across the country, believes that the key trend emerging from the diversity of his exhibit is the artist's increasing rapport with and involvement in advanced technology. Larry Bell's clear, untitled glass boxes, for example, gleam like mother-of-pearl, thanks to optical coating methods developed by industry technicians. Many other works were assembled by technicians from artists' instructions or, like the *Samaras Corridor*, built by museum craftsmen working from the artists' blueprints.

To Tuchman, this does not invalidate the structures as works of art. Says he: "Every culture must make its art out of what it's really about, and ours is about advanced technology." All the same, he continues, the marriage between art and technology is by no means complete. Since artists are mostly self-taught technicians, Tuchman has been discussing with several North American groups and corporations the establishment of artistic-industrial workshops. In time, Tuchman believes, the work on display at Los Angeles will appear "crude, halting and incomplete," compared with tomorrow's wonders.

How to Portray a Martyr?

Father Joseph Damien de Veuster has been a storm center of controversy in Hawaii for the better part of a century. A Belgian-born Roman Catholic priest seeking converts, he was greeted with hostility by Hawaii's ruling Protestant-missionary families from the moment he arrived in Honolulu in 1864. He eventually volunteered to serve the leper colony on Molokai, became a beloved, if eccentric figure there; he wore a flowered native dress under his cape, tied up the brim of his battered clerical hat with string. At the age of 49, he died of leprosy, or Hansen's disease.

So widespread became his fame after his death that a move was started to have him canonized in Rome. And when Hawaii was asked to contribute statues of two of its heroes to the Capitol's Statuary Hall in Washington, he and the 19th century Hawaiian King Kamehameha were the nearly unanimous choices. A statue of Kamehameha presented no problem: one is already standing before the state judicial build-



MARISOL'S "FATHER DAMIEN"
Judged by maturity.

ing; all the legislature needed to do was order up a replica.

For a statue of Father Damien, a seven-man commission solicited models from seven different sculptors. The one they approved, by a 5-to-2 vote, was a wood-and-wax model by Marisol Escobar, the whimsical Venezuelan pop-doll maker. Her model, based on photos of Father Damien taken toward the end of his life, shows his features graphically distorted by the disease that killed him, "I liked him when he was older," she explained, "He had really accomplished something then."

But to the minority, Marisol's version was "shocking." They favored an idealized version of Father Damien as a young man with a tiny child clutching at his knee, submitted by Sculptor Nathan Cabot Hale. The Hawaiian House of Representatives voted to back Hale's model, and the whole Hawaiian archipelago began taking sides.

Shorted the Honolulu Advertiser: "The Hale statue could be anybody, Bing Crosby, Pat Boone, or even House Speaker Elmer Cravallho." Asked one Protestant minister who favored the Marisol: "Would we take statues of the mutilated body of Christ out of churches and destroy them just because they look so horrible?" The Senate responded to the uproar by authorizing \$73,350 to make not one, but two 7-ft. casts of Marisol's *Damien*. Hawaii, said the Senate resolution, will be judged by the "maturity of its civilization." The Marisol version "will impress the viewer not only with the temperament, character and greatness of the man it represents, but also provide an unforgettable visual experience." Apparently persuaded, the House last week backtracked and, hours before adjournment, voted 37 to 14 to send Marisol's *Father Damien* to Washington.

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BOEING 737

U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Picking Up Speed

Having slowed down to round a curve that could have led to recession, the U.S. economy now is on the straightaway and picking up speed. Last week the stock market, which reacts today to what investors expect of tomorrow, climbed to an eleven-month peak. After flirting with the psychological 900-point barrier for nearly two weeks, the Dow-Jones industrial average leaped across it by bounding 5.18 points in one day to 905.96. By week's end, the index forged ahead to 905.96, for a week's gain of 8.91. That was its highest closing since May 4, 1966, and a comeback of 22% from last October's low.

Third Best Year. Wall Street's bullish mood was encouraged by figures from Detroit and Washington. Auto sales, after a 21% decline during the first three months of 1967, jumped sharply in April to a level only 3.4% below their year-earlier pace. "The spring upturn we've been waiting for is with us," says Chrysler Chairman Lynn Townsend, who now predicts that a minimum of 8,200,000 new-car sales will turn 1967 into the third best year in the industry's history. He adds: "People seem to have decided there isn't going to be a recession after all."

New orders placed with factories rose modestly in March, the Commerce Department reported last week. And manufacturers' inventories showed their smallest gain (\$311 million) in almost two years, as rising retail sales eased economists' worry over the "inventory overhang." Says President Robert Williams of Youngstown Sheet & Tube: "Customer stocks of steel have come down pretty well. We have seen the bottom of our operating curve." Says Alcoa President John Harper: "We feel the economy will gather strength. We expect the aluminum industry to grow faster than the economy."

Too Much Optimism? There are of course businessmen and economists who take a dimmer view. "I don't see the



consumer as any more confident," insists Retailer Ralph Lazarus, president of Federated Stores. "His real income is not rising. He's worried about layoffs, prices, taxes, high interest rates and the course of the war." Federal Reserve Board Governor Dewey Daine says bluntly: "The current optimism has gone too far."

Last week former Commerce Secretary John Connor, now president of Allied Chemical Corp., advised President Johnson to drop his proposal for a 6% income-tax surcharge later this year—a move strongly backed by many other businessmen, who argue that the increase would stifle business recovery. With or without higher taxes, Secony Mobil Oil Chairman Albert Nickerson predicts nothing more than "very moderate" economic gains this year, partly because "private industry is sluggish,

but all levels of Government spending are up."

Among economists and businessmen alike, today's foremost worry is how to keep wage escalation from becoming inflationary as the economy regains its momentum. "The major question is not whether we avoid a downturn, but what kind of advance we are likely to have," says Raymond Saulnier, who was chairman of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers and is now a Columbia University economics professor. Because the upturn will begin with low (currently 3.6%) unemployment, "it is virtually bound to be inflationary," insists Arthur Burns, another Eisenhower CEA chairman, now chairman of the National Bureau of Economic Research. Economist Walter Heller, CEA chief under both Kennedy and Johnson, gives the economy "a fifty-fifty chance of overheating" by winter.

Back to Guideposts. To forestall that peril, incumbent CEA Chairman Gardner Ackley last week called for a "revival and strengthening" of the Administration's moribund wage-price guideposts. "The breathing space in price pressures will not last," he warned. "An upward trend in costs has been masked by declining prices for food and raw materials. And last year's price increases have still not worked their way fully through our cost-and-price structure."

Having abandoned last year's 3.2% guidepost in January, Ackley did not suggest what limit on wage or price increases would be fitting now. But he conceded that "most wage settlements" in 1967 will exceed gains in productivity. Without more voluntary restraint, he argued, the U.S. will stabilize prices only by the "disaster" of continuous peacetime price and wage controls or "higher unemployment—some say 5%—than the American people will or should tolerate."

Thus, for all the economy's signs of zing, lifting the nation's genuine prosperity to a higher level will require some delicate footwork—both in and out of Washington.



ACKLEY



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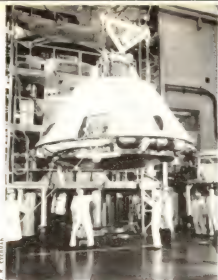


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CORPORATIONS

Beleaguered Giant

Having endured a nationwide public scolding since last January's Apollo disaster, North American Aviation Inc. last week did some private scolding within its own corporate offices. Chief victim was Harrison A. ("Stormy") Storms Jr., 51, who was replaced as head of the company's Apollo-building space division by Vice President William B. Bergen, 52, former president of the Martin Co. and a North American newcomer. After the front-office shake-up, North American President J. Leland Atwood, testifying before the Senate space committee, expressed confidence that "we can effectively accomplish the lunar mission in this decade."

That kind of assurance was what North American needed after last month's review-board report on the troubled Apollo program found "many deficiencies in design and engineering, manufacture and quality control." For Apollo's prime contractor, an aerospace giant relying on Government contracts for some 95% of its \$2 billion-a-year sales, nothing could have been more damaging than such an indictment.

Shared Blame. Tapped in 1961 to build the spacecraft's command and service modules, North American was in trouble with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration almost from the start. Unhappy about costs and sloppy workmanship, the space agency eventually forced the Los Angeles-based company to lay off 3,000 workers, sent in extra quality-control inspectors, changed contracting procedures to combat what it considered North American's "time clock" approach to the job.

Though talk persists that part of North American's Apollo work may go to other companies, there is little chance that its \$2.8 billion contract will be canceled. For one thing, the point of no return has long since been reached. More

important, the company has demonstrated over the years—in such successes as its F-86 fighter—that it has the know-how to get the job done.

Indeed, much of the blame for Apollo's shortcomings must be shared by NASA itself. Says an executive of Northrop Corp., which builds Apollo's earth-landing and intercommunications systems: "NASA inspects, reinspects and inspects again. NASA lives with us. You can't separate NASA from the contractor." Declining to ascribe blame at all, another aerospace official points out that in projects "on the forefront of technology, there just isn't any perfection." As if to prove that point, a General Electric Co. study made public last week itemized more than 1,300 flaws in an Apollo spacecraft being readied for an unmanned test flight later this year; most of the bugs were the kind that crop up routinely in early stage development of any complex technical project.

More Shuffles. In his Capitol Hill appearance, Lee Atwood said that many of his company's troubles resulted from



ATWOOD AT INQUIRY

the "rapid buildup in manpower" required for the mammoth Apollo undertaking. By general agreement, the on-the-ground fire that killed three U.S. astronauts was caused by defective wiring; the astronauts were trapped inside because their escape hatch required at least 90 seconds to open. In the works, said Atwood, are improved wiring techniques and a space hatch that opens in less than five seconds.

Beyond that, North American plans more management shuffles in hopes of overcoming its problems. For the moment, Wall Street seems to be hedging its bets on the chances of success. After dropping from a 1967 high of 534 before the Apollo disaster to a low of 424 on May 1, North American's stock closed last week at 452.

AVIATION

Lockheed's Flying Gyroscope

Helicopters have won high marks in Viet Nam doing the chores they were designed for: carting supplies, ferrying troops, evacuating wounded. But, decked out with bolt-on guns and rocket launchers, the shaking, rattling and rolling choppers are less than perfect for close-in fire support. Looking for a solution, the Army last year awarded an \$86 million AAFSS (Advance Aerial Fire Support System) development contract to a company that, until recently, had never been in the helicopter business at all: Lockheed Aircraft Corp.

Last week at its Van Nuys, Calif., plant, Lockheed rolled out a bug-eyed brute of a prototype that is not only faster and more sophisticated than any helicopter now flying in Viet Nam but is also a long technological hop ahead of anything in the industry. Designated the AH-56A Cheyenne, Lockheed's AAFSS is a "compound" aircraft. Like a conventional helicopter, the single-turbine Cheyenne has a main rotor and tail-mounted stabilizing rotor for hovering and vertical takeoffs and landings. In the air, a simple twist of the control-stick grip sets the pitch of the rear-mounted pusher propeller for

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240-m.p.h. cross-country dashes on the craft's stubby wings.

Target-Range Marksmanship. Designed to protect conventional 140-m.p.h. Hueys and other troop-carrying choppers against ground fire, the Cheyenne will pack rockets, anti-tank missiles, a grenade launcher and belly-mounted automatic cannon. Even its looks can kill: if the gunner, using a computer and enemy-seeking infra-red sight, has his hands full with one target, the pilot, who wears a special sight-equipped helmet, can automatically take aim at another merely by glancing at it.

Lockheed's rigid-rotor design, in effect, makes the whole shebang a stable flying gyroscope. The concept—rigid blades attached directly to the rotor shaft—was tried and dropped in the '20s; experimenters found that when they tilted the rotor to change direction, the whirling blades would tumble their machines like a gyroscope gone berserk. Ever since, helicopter makers have sacrificed simplicity and speed by using flexible rotor blades mounted on heavy, complex hinges. Lockheed picked up the all-but-forgotten rigid-rotor idea in 1957—and found a way to handle it: the pilot's stick tilts only a small control rotor mounted above the main one. That, in turn, gyroscopically swings the aircraft to any desired attitude almost instantly.

Impressed by Lockheed's breakthrough, the Army may order 500 or more of the \$1,000,000 Cheyennes if prototype testing is successful, have them in the field by 1970. Meanwhile, Lockheed is working up other compound-plane ideas. Among them: a 400-m.p.h. military transport with folding rotors and an intercity "air commuter" to whisk 70 passengers from one downtown district to another at 300 m.p.h.

AIRLINES

Hey There, Sweetie Palms!

Giving advertising a macabre twist, Pacific Air Lines is seeking to lure passengers by selling spoof instead of flights. "HEY THERE! YOU WITH THE SWEET IN YOUR PALMS," read the headline that kicked off its nationwide campaign. "Most people are scared witless of flying," it went on. Moreover, the ad revealed, every time a P.A.L. plane takes off a pilot wonders "if this is it." Explaining the odd campaign, New York Lawyer Matthew E. McCarthy, the trunk line's chief executive and biggest shareholder, said: "It's basically honest. We spoof the passengers' concern, but at least we admit they have it."

Creator of the campaign is Hollywood Humorist Stan Freberg, best known for his takeoffs on *Dragnet* and his Madison Avenue musings on behalf of Chun King chow mein and the United Presbyterian Church ("The blessings you lose may be your own"). Besides newspaper layouts, Freberg's program includes patter from stewardesses (on landing: "We made it! How about that?"). It also features hot-pink lunch

pails which are distributed to passengers and contain such items as a handkerchief-size child's security blanket, which the stewardess demonstrates by rubbing it against her cheek. Freberg plans to paint one of Pacific's Boeing 727s to look like a locomotive, complete with wheels on the fuselage and a cowcatcher on the nose. Inside, passengers will hear choo-choo over the loudspeakers.

Behind the buffoonery, well intentioned but risky as it may be, is the simple fact that P.A.L., which flies in Oregon, Nevada and California, yearns for a bigger chunk of the West Coast business, which is contested by seven other airlines, including United and Western. Last year was not happy for



P.A.L. STEWARDESS & BLANKET
It won't hurt, or will it?

Pacific—net income dropped from \$700,337 in 1965 to \$150,716.

By the end of the week it was still too early to judge the campaign's effectiveness. But it seemed less than coincidental that P.A.L.'s vice president of marketing and its director of advertising suddenly resigned.

AUTOS

Uphill & Getting Steeper

Hoping to steer ailing American Motors Corp. back to health, Board Chairman Roy D. Chapin Jr. recently prescribed price cuts for his slow-moving Rambler American economy line. The first sales figures showed an encouraging upturn—and Chapin, dining in a Chicago restaurant, cheerily ordered strolling musicians to play *Just in Time*. The American's \$1,839 base price—well under that of any other U.S. compact and only \$200 more than the Volkswagen—has indeed helped tune up sales, which in April rose 8% over the same month last year, to 7,371 cars. Nevertheless, as of last week, most of the sounds coming out of A.M.C.'s brick headquarters on

Detroit's Plymouth Road suggested a prelude to *Good Night, Ladies*.

Strong Surgery. Altogether, sales of A.M.C.'s sporty Marlins, full-sized Ambassadors and Rebels and small Americans have slipped 20% during the past four months from the same period last year, to 73,790 cars. The first quarter of 1966 was an \$8,300,000 loser: this year, the same quarter produced a record \$21 million loss, knocking the company \$30 million into the red for the first half of its fiscal 1967. Faced with a sooner-than-expected financial crisis, Chapin last week began cutting away again—this time at A.M.C.'s assets.

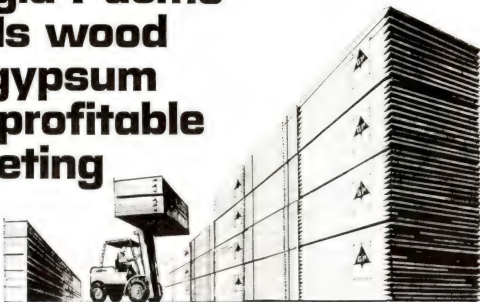
To raise a quick \$30 million in cash, A.M.C. sold its healthy Rediseo, Inc. subsidiary to Chrysler Corp. A credit operation, which does a \$250 million annual business financing sales of furniture, TV sets and other items, Rediseo had earned a robust \$2,500,000 a year. A.M.C.'s appliance-making Kelvinator division is also profitable—and for sale. Drastic as such surgery is, Chapin and Co. see little alternative to sacrificing A.M.C.'s two strong, non-automaking arms.

Of the Rediseo proceeds, \$25 million will go directly to a group of 24 banks. Headed by Chase Manhattan, the group last year loaned A.M.C. \$75 million, then turned up another \$20 million after Chapin became chairman in January. Last week, faced with a May 31 due date on the loan, Chapin persuaded the bankers to extend the credit line until year's end. As security, the banks hold a first mortgage on all of A.M.C.'s property.

Second Collision. The loan extension will give A.M.C.'s new Javelin specialty car room to go into production this fall. Still, some auto-industry financial men fear that Chapin and his colleagues are only painting themselves into a corner. Should Kelvinator go the way of Rediseo, A.M.C. may well lose a chance at a Studebaker-style recovery. After losing \$25 million on its auto operations, Studebaker shut down its South Bend, Ind., plants in 1963, has since come back as a profitable maker of appliances, electric generators and other products. Wall Street has been full of speculation about possible A.M.C. merger partners—among them Litton, Kaiser, International Harvester and Sears, Roebuck.

It only because of a sense of competitive camaraderie, Detroit's Big Three are loath to see A.M.C. go under. G.M. has passed along its collapsible steering column to help A.M.C. minimize its costs in meeting the new safety regulations. A.M.C. cars are welcome at Ford's expensive accident-test facilities. Some Big Three showrooms also sell A.M.C. cars under "dual dealership" arrangements, and dealers have unwritten orders to help the little fellow along. Yet, barring a sales miracle, industry experts estimate that, even though A.M.C. can survive the second collision with its loan due dates in December, the road ahead is uphill and getting steeper.

Georgia-Pacific blends wood and gypsum for a profitable marketing mix.



Georgia-Pacific, a leader in forest products, became the nation's third largest gypsum producer in 1965. It figured, Gypsum building products are used by the same people who use plywood, lumber and other wood construction materials. Now Georgia-Pacific gypsum division building products reach customers through our company-owned wholesale distribution centers in 95 key markets across the country. Customers count on ready availability for practically all basic construction needs from a single source... a big plus in construction

supply. The result: increased customer satisfaction that has helped boost sales and profits!

Production Efficiency Stabilized

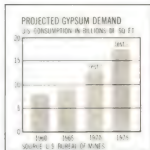
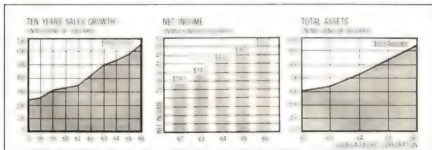
The availability of Georgia-Pacific's extensive distribution center network has another big advantage to the gypsum division. It provides extensive warehouse space for gypsum products to help stabilize production of the division's 13 plants at their most efficient levels.

Georgia-Pacific Will Meet Demand

U.S. consumption of gypsum products is expected to increase greatly in the next few years. And

Georgia-Pacific is ready to meet the demand. We own enough crude gypsum for more than 100 years of production at expected levels.

Georgia-Pacific operations process gypsum from our own mines and quarries in the United States and Canada. Distributing our own gypsum products for a profitable marketing mix is another example of how Georgia-Pacific lives up to its reputation as the Growth Company.



Georgia-Pacific owns or controls approximately 35 billion board feet of timber. Our forests are managed on a sustained yield basis. We are growing more timber each year than we harvest for our operations. G-P mineral reserves include 100 years' supply of gypsum. For further information write: Georgia-Pacific Corporation, 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 or 421 SW Sixth Avenue, Portland, Ore. 97204

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WORLD BUSINESS

TAIWAN

The Model

Into Washington this week flies C. K. Yen, 61, vice president, premier and, most important, chief economic planner of the Nationalist Chinese government on Taiwan. Within the fortnight following he will pay calls on President Johnson, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, businessmen and Chinese communities from Cape Kennedy to San Francisco. Remarkably, he seeks no financial hand-outs of any sort. But, he admits in a modest way, he would indeed be pleased by recognition of the dramatic fact that

stability first by reforming the agricultural base, which more often than not is a millstone around the neck of a developing nation. Because of the spine-like ridge of mountains that runs up the middle of Taiwan, only 3,000 of the island's 13,800 square miles are arable; for centuries, that land was held by landlords and worked by tenant farmers. The Nationalist government of Chiang Kai-shek, under a land-reform program, distributed small plots to the tenants—and encouraged landlords to invest their settlement money in industry. Now, with farmers keeping 80% of their crop v. 43% in the old days,

dusty and improving the infrastructure of railroads, highways and communications on which it depends. At the outset, major industries were put under government control, and many of them remain there.

Among government-run enterprises is the China Petroleum Co., which has petrochemical complexes at either end of the island and a natural-gas field at Miaoli in the north. China Petroleum last year earned \$37 million on sales of \$90 million, is now expanding with a joint venture in fertilizers with Mobil Oil and Allied Chemical Corp. The government-controlled Taiwan Power Co.



ACTRESS WANG



PREMIER YEN



WORKERS AT ELECTRONICS PLANT

Seeking only recognition of the dramatic facts.

Taiwan has become a model for Asian economic development.

Yen has all sorts of statistics to which he can point. Items:

- The gross national product has risen at the rate of 8.2% annually since 1952, now stands at \$3.1 billion.
- Industrial production has been increasing nearly 14% a year; industry on the island is four times broader than it was in 1952.
- Taiwan's trade balance, which once ran a \$100 million annual deficit in spite of U.S. aid (discontinued in 1965), is now only \$34 million in deficit on a much larger base (\$569 million in exports and \$603 million in imports). Meanwhile, foreign exchange reserves last year rose another 10% to \$337 million.

► Per-capita income, rising 4½% each year, has nearly doubled to \$200. With prices stabilized the ordinary Taiwanese has begun to buy rice cookers and radios, and total savings last year amounted to \$200 million, or more than twice as much as Taiwanese tucked away in 1962.

Yen and his men achieved economic

rice production has increased from 20 tons an acre to 34 tons. Seeking to profit from a semitropical climate that allows four harvests a year, the government encouraged the island's 835,000 farm families to branch out from staple rice and sugar into such profitable cash crops as pineapples, asparagus, bananas and mushrooms. Result: with agricultural output rising 6% a year, Taiwan is not only able to feed itself one of the highest-calorie diets in Asia but has also developed a profitable farm-export market, especially to Japan and South Viet Nam.

Industrial Balance. Even while improving and increasing agriculture, Taiwan's economists laid long-range—and highly realistic—plans to balance it with industry. Says Economic Affairs Minister K. I. Li: "It is often said that every developing country wants to begin with an atomic reactor and an airline of its own. We resisted that temptation." With loans of \$43 million from the World Bank, \$56 million from the Export-Import Bank and a \$150 million line of credit from Japan, the Taiwan government set about building in-

has brought electricity to 96% of Taiwan's population and is fast outstripping its 1,500,000-kw. capacity: with 80% of its output earmarked for expanding industry, Taiwan Power is aiming toward a 4,000,000-kw. output within the next ten years, is rushing completion of the Tachia River power network to supply a quarter of the total through a mix of hydroelectric power and thermal power generated by oil shipped halfway around the world from Kuwait.

Yet for all the huge role that government has played in Taiwan's economic upsurge, C. K. Yen is a firm believer in private enterprise. Thus in the past five years, the government's share of total industrial output has dropped from 68% to 31%.

The Investors. The basic idea is to lure both foreign and domestic capital investment. To outsiders, Taiwan's biggest advantage is inexpensive labor. Minimum-wage laws require only \$11 a month for unskilled labor, while skilled workers get up to \$70 or \$80. The rates are only one-third as high as wage levels in Japan and half those in Hong Kong. As a result, several Asian companies



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One way to make capital gains—as good as any we know about—is to buy stocks with good growth potential, real prospects for price appreciation.

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Obviously, the risks involved in this type of investing can vary widely, and the bigger the gain you hope to realize, the bigger the risk you have to be able to assume.

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have moved operations from those areas to Taiwan. U.S. firms have invested \$110 million in Taiwan enterprises. Union Carbide is building an \$8,300,000 plastics plant in the Kaohsiung petrochemical complex. RCA last week announced that it will build a \$2,500,000 factory to make computer parts.

U.S. businessmen are smiling with their ventures, especially since Taiwan gives them a five-year holiday from income-tax payments and allows repatriation of earnings and capital. "We expect wages to go up," says William B. Scott, manager of a \$24 million Philco radio plant at Tamsui, "but productivity will go up faster."

As for local entrepreneurs, Taiwan's capital market is still pretty small. But there are several success stories. Y. C. Wang, 51, a Taiwan-born smalltime lumber dealer only a decade ago, now owns the Formosa Plastics Corp., which this year will do a \$40 million business in such products as plastic sheeting and baby pants. I. S. Lin's Tatung Engineering Co. has a broad range of consumer goods: the Tatung brand is stamped on pressurized rice cookers, washing machines, fans, radios and, lately, television sets. Jingling Yen and his wife Vivian, who holds a master's degree from Columbia University, operate two of the fastest-growing companies on Taiwan. From facing desks in a modest Taipei office, Yen's Yue Loong Motor Co. this year will sell 6,000 cars and trucks assembled from parts made in Taiwan or Japan. Mrs. Yen's Tai Yuen Textile Co. turns out 20% of Taiwan's textiles, does a \$15 million annual business, mostly overseas.

Almond-Eyed Mia. Taiwan hopes to market more and more of its industrial products outside the country, especially in Southeast Asia. At the same time, C. K. Yen and his economists are trying new ways to build up capital and to increase jobs. One is motion pictures; movies from the island's four flourishing film studios, with Mandarin sound tracks and subtitles in other dialects, are popular with Chinese communities all around the Pacific. Wang Mo-chou, 24, an almond-eyed Mia Farrow, has become big box office. The government is also hopefully pushing such tourist attractions as Sun Moon Lake and Taroko Gorge, last year earned \$20 million on tourism, and expects 240,000 visitors this year. In addition, it is host to 4,500 U.S. troops a month brought in from South Viet Nam for five-day furloughs; each serviceman spends about \$250 during his stay. To increase jobs, the government has established the Kaohsiung Export Processing Zone (KEPZ) on 170 acres of waterfront land, where more than 60 firms manufacturing products for re-export will eventually provide work for 30,000 people.

Creating more jobs is one of the biggest headaches for Planner Yen. About 45% of Taiwan's citizens are age 15 or younger, and 165,000 will enter the labor market every year for a decade.



Taiwan must also improve education to overcome shortages of managers and skilled foremen, and solve its brain drain: each year 2,300 students go to the U.S. to attend universities. Few return to Taiwan.

Still, the scope of the problems yet to be solved only serves to point up how well the Chinese on Taiwan have done with their economy in the past two decades. Not only have they survived, but they have become a showplace for the rest of Southeast Asia. And as impressive as the record is on its own, it takes on even greater proportions when the economy of Taiwan is matched against that of a country only 100 miles away—Communist China.

BRITAIN

Lowering the Suds

Few British battles have been waged more noisily than the fight for the nation's soap and detergent market. Warring over the \$192 million-a-year business, Lever Brothers & Associates Ltd. and Procter & Gamble Ltd. have been spending some \$45 million annually wooing housewives with everything from

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MS-2-1987

giveaway glassware and plastic daffodils to door-to-door sales calls by costumed "Fairy Snowmen." Now, under government pressure, the war—and the suds-makers—are taking on a new pitch.

De-escalation. Arguing that all the high-volume advertising and promotion is not only unnecessary but also adds about 25% to the retail price of the products, Britain's regulatory Board of Trade has ordered the two companies to de-escalate. Specifically, the companies were forced to agree to cut out promotion gimmicks and slash prices by 20% on one brand in each of the three major sectors of the suds market: white and blue detergent powders and soap powders. The companies can still market their other brands as they see fit, but the board figures that the new two-year experiment will, by reducing their sales revenue, result in less advertising—and lower prices—all around.

As the subsidiaries of U.S. and Anglo-Dutch parents, which grapple with each other in markets all over the globe, P. & G. and Lever naturally did not give in easily. The pressure to de-escalate began last August, when a Monopolies Commission study found that, though neither P. & G.'s 46% share of the market nor Lever's 44% constituted a monopoly, the expense of their competitive practices was "against the public interest." The commission recommended that they cut their promotion budgets by 40%, pass a 20% price reduction on to the consumer. The Board of Trade, taking a righteous stance as the consumer's champion, promised to see the recommendations through.

Understandably, many British businessmen were outraged at the bureaucratic attack on the modern selling practices that have made P. & G. and Lever two of Britain's most profitable companies. Compared with the 11% the average manufacturer earns on his invested capital, Lever earns 16% and P. & G. earns 37%. "High-pressure marketing," said London's Observer, "is the lubricant to economic growth."

The Board of Trade, in eight months of bitter negotiations, was not impressed by the companies' argument that massive promotion was necessary for high-volume sales, which, in turn, permit low-cost mass production and spending for research. The board's president, Douglas Jay, threatened mandatory across-the-board price reductions. Lord Cole, Chairman of Lever's parent, Unilever, vowed to fight against that possibility "by all legal means."

Extra Value. When the compromise agreement finally came, the companies lost no time getting their low-priced, low-promotion suds to the market. P. & G. slapped "Extra Value" labels on its Tide detergent, and Oxydol soap powder dutifully cut its prices by 20%. Lever followed with its Square Deal Surf, also selling for 20% less than the old stuff. Early reports had British housewives snapping up the cut-price products by the armload.



It takes a printing specialist to put your selling tools on paper

It isn't *what* your customer sees that counts. It's *how* he sees it—and nothing surpasses a dramatic selling presentation in print.

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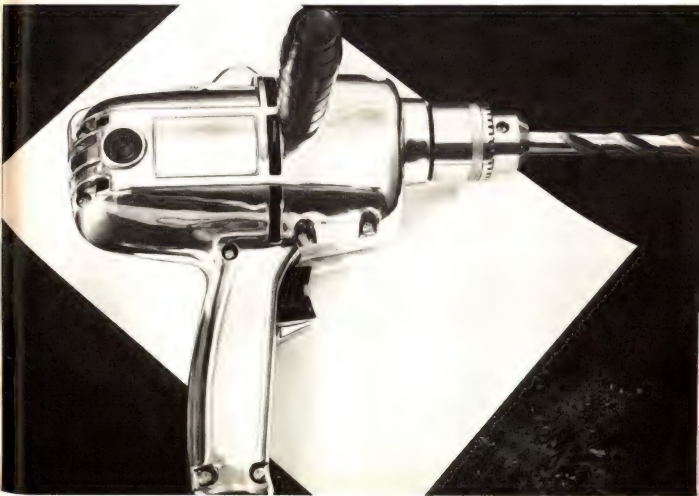
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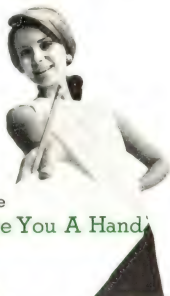
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LAZARD FRÈRES & CO.

May 1, 1967

MILESTONES

Born. To Cass Elliott, 23, Brünnhilde-sized pop rocker with The Mamas and the Papas quartet, and her husband, Singer Jim Hendricks, 26, from whom she is separated: a daughter; in Los Angeles, thus making her the group's first bona fide Mama.

Married. Infanta Maria del Pilar, 30, eldest child of Don Juan de Borbón y Battenberg, exiled Pretender to the Spanish throne, and sister of Juan Carlos, to whom Franco may one day give the royal nod; and Luis Gómez-Acebo, 32, handsome grandson of a Spanish marquis; in a fittingly royal wedding to which her father invited "any Spaniard who happens to be in Portugal" (some 3,000 responded); in Lisbon.

Married. Elvis Presley, 32, a founding father of rock 'n' roll and one of the best-paid performers in show-biz history (1966 earnings: about \$4,000,000); and Priscilla Beaulieu, 21, smashing brunette daughter of a U.S. Air Force lieutenant colonel, whom Elvis started courting in 1959 when he was doing his Army hitch in Germany; both for the first time; in a modest civil ceremony in Las Vegas.

Died. Klaydia Kosygin, 58, wife of Soviet Premier Aleksei N. Kosygin who married him in 1924 when Kosygin was a young engineer at a consumers' cooperative in Siberia, later proved considerably different from the usual run of dowdy Kremlin wives as a well-dressed and charmingly talkative (in fluent French) diplomatic asset; of cancer; in Moscow.

Died. Dreek Jayanama, 62, Thai patriot, Deputy Premier in 1946-47 and seven-time Cabinet minister, who during his service as Foreign Minister in World War II managed with great *sum-froid* to butter up Thailand's Japanese masters while at the same time holding a top post in the resistance movement against Japan, early in 1945 led a secret mission to Ceylon to confer with the Allied command about organizing a Free Thai uprising, and was later awarded the U.S. Medal of Freedom; of stomach cancer; in Bangkok.

Died. Louis Dreyfus, 89, aggressive German-born head of one of the world's largest music-publishing empires, Chappell & Co., who in the 1890s followed his older brother Max to the U.S., where they made a fortune publishing the works of Jerome Kern and George Gershwin, then shifted to London in 1929 to take over Britain's venerable Chappell & Co., establishing branches throughout the world and tying up the publishing rights for just about every major Broadway composer from Romberg to Loewe; of a heart attack; in London.



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is born in Denver**



**...and the
waiting room's
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Who breaks the news to Father? We do—and we'll track him to his jungle bungalow, to do it. Bringing home just a little closer is a Red Cross specialty. Just one of the many services your Red Cross performs that helps to brighten the lives of our fighting men in Vietnam. We need your support. **The American Red Cross.**

**help
us
help**



CINEMA



ALLEN



NIVEN



SELLERS

Better scene than herd.

Keystone Cop-Out

Casino Royale starts with a premise that is cheerfully cheeky: Sean Connery is an impostor. The real 007 is David Niven, now Sir James Bond, retired to a county seat. Visited by an all-star team of secret agents including William Holden, Charles Bower and John Huston, he is persuaded to re-enter Her Majesty's Service, an experience that he soon finds simply smearing. Along the way he encounters Joanna Pettet, the byproduct of his illicit union with Mata Hari; Peter Sellers, a green-gilled card shark who impersonates James Bond; Woody Allen as Jimmy Bond, James's narky nephew; and the ubiquitous Ursula Andress, who has become to spy spoofs what pits are to olives: tasteless, but unavoidable.

Nor are they the only celebs proffered by the picture. Producer Charles Feldman, apparently fearful of taking a *Royale* drubbing on his investment, has tried to bolster the box-office potential by casting Deborah Kerr as a mocking-burled Scotswoman, Orson Welles as an enemy agent, Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Foreign Legionnaire and George Raft as himself.

With so many egos—including five directors—competing for attention, the picture soon degenerates into an incoherent and vulgar vaudeville. Each actor frantically does his bit and then gets offstage to make room for the jugglers. Niven comes off best because his stylish acting floats far above the script's witless, single-entendre standard: "Beauty is only skin-deep. How about some skin diving?" Allen provides an adroit parody of paranoia, as when he objects to going before a firing squad because he has "a low threshold of death."

But there is never much chance for the comedy, let alone for the original yarn (which, like all Bond stories, could not be taken seriously, but which at least was a story). The movie is too busy kidding the previous Bond movies, which kidded the books and themselves before they were in turn kidded by the U.N.C.L.E.s and Flints. Poor 007

is now lost in a hall of distorting mirrors. It is no surprise that by the last reel there is a distinct air of defeat about *Casino Royale*, as if the money (\$12 million) and the time (134 minutes) had run out. The final footage shows the U.S. cavalry riding to Bond's rescue, joined shortly by American Indians parachuting from planes and shouting "Geronimo!", the French Foreign Legion, and a Mack Sennett-style squadron of period policemen. This kind of keystone cop-out was done faster and funnier 34 years ago when the Marx Brothers made *Duck Soup*. But in those days comedies consisted of scenes and not herds.

Second Banana Oil

Eight on the Lam offers Bob Hope the ultimate insult: it assumes that he needs comic relief. As a meekling bank teller, Bob finds himself unjustly accused of rifling the tills and takes to the hills with his seven moonless moppets and their inevitable mongrel. A fair enough premise for a one-man vehicle, but Hope is almost lost in a cast of characters that includes a slopstick baby sitter (Phyllis Diller) and her detective boyfriend (Jonathan Winters), mouthing a script that contains relentless japes about little boys' bladders and big girls' figures.

Hope does his best to get something risible visible, but halfway through he drowns in second banana oil. Winters' country-cozen dialect is familiar, and Phyllis Diller attacks her customary fright-wig role with the comic appeal of a black-widow spider putting away a fly. The kids are self-conscious, lending the film the aura of a mass-produced TV situation comedy. All that is missing is the commercials—and the energetic plugs for name-brand cereals and soaps more than compensate.

Better another *Lam* is led to slaughter, it might be wise for Bob Hope to try another production firm. This—the 52nd film he has starred in—was churned out by Hope Enterprises, a family affair. For comedians, it's sometimes better to do business with strangers.

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Union on Strike

Two for the Road. In rural England, a husband and wife gaze out of their sports car at a bride and groom emerging from a church. She sighs: "They don't look very happy." He snaps: "Why should they? They just got married."

In that exchange, Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney sum up the film that follows: an adult bedtime story of a couple whose union is constantly going on strike. Abandoning the Givenchy school and the elfin cool, Hepburn is surprisingly good as a Virginia Woolf-cub who has earned her share of scars in the jungle war between the sexes. As her mate, a self-centered architect, Finney is not so fortunate, and seems curiously unsympathetic in helping to turn his marriage into a fray-for-all. Happily, whenever the strife skitters closer to tragedy than comedy, Director Stanley Donen takes the viewer's eye off the brawl by ushering in William Daniels and Eleanor Bron parodying a WASPish American and his shrewish wife, or Claude Dauphin, whose jet-set bore is a perfect put-down.

Frederic Raphael, who won a 1965 Academy Award for *Darling*, has written a script that makes up in salt what it lacks in plot, although his dialogue, as Don Marquis once put it, sometimes merely strokes a platitude until it purrs like an epigram ("The only thing that fits into a pigeonhole is a pigeon"). Flashing back and forth through twelve years of togetherness and *apartheid*, Director Donen makes sure that this particular *Road* never quite reaches a dead end. In the final moments, Hepburn and Finney, reconciled, look lovingly at each other in the car. He sighs, "Bitch." She snaps, "Bastard."

In its own perverse way, it is a happy



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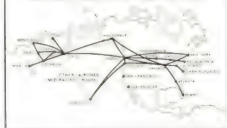


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ending, and one with a moral: a husband and wife always have a chance to make a go of it as long as they can laugh at a single private joke—even if the joke is marriage.

Tired Palomino

Welcome to *Hard Times* is a movie composed entirely of other movies. Every character has been pretested in scores of scenarios: the evil gunslinger; the aging lawman, poor but honest; the frightened townspeople; prostitutes with guaranteed 24-carat hearts.

The badman (Aldo Ray) is the worst wrongo since Johnny Ringo. He breaks the tops off whisky bottles before he downs their contents, rapes and kills a dance-hall girl, sets fire to buildings and,



FONDA & RAY IN "HARD TIMES"
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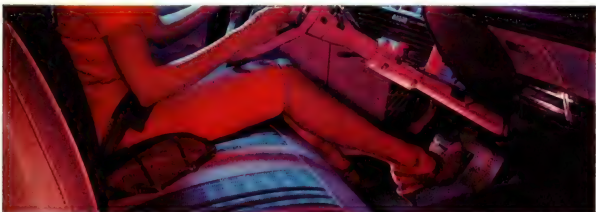
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all in all, makes the town of *Hard Times* a place to forget. While another dance-hall girl (Janice Rule) and a young boy conspire to knock off the villain next time he shows up, the mayor (Henry Fonda) is too frightened to kill and too tired to run. Anxious only to rebuild *Hard Times* and make it a good place for business, he gets his wish when Keenan Wynn jounces into town with a wagonload of cuties to entertain the local miners. Pretty soon the whole town swings like a pair of saloon doors, and gold and whisky are as plentiful as hossies.

Re-enter Ray with blood in his eye, just begging for his comeuppance, which takes place when Fonda finally gets the gumption to gun him down. Fortunately for the film, even the small roles are in the hands of some of the oldest pros in the business—among them Edgar Buchanan as a Government man and Lon Chaney as a bartender. Handling the clichés with the cure of a cowpoke tending a tired palomino, they make *Hard Times* seem better than it is because they have been there before—many times. So has the audience.



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BOOKS

Episode at Fort Pillow

THE FALLING HILLS by Perry Lentz. 468 pages. Scribner. \$6.95.

At sunrise on an April morning in 1864, General Nathan Bedford Forrest and 1,200 Confederate forces attacked the Union works at Fort Pillow in West Tennessee. Within hours the Rebels had butchered most of the ill-prepared garrison soldiers.

Fort Pillow had little or no military

for a B.A. degree at Kenyon College in Ohio. He mined the eyewitness reports of Fort Pillow survivors as preserved in the National Archives. Now a doddering 24, and an old soldier of the campus (he is taking his Ph.D. in English at Vanderbilt University, Nashville), Lentz has published a book with none of the sweet-magnolia swash and polished ballroom buckle of *Gone With the Wind* but much of the visceral realism that characterized MacKinlay Kantor's *Andersonville*.

Hall a dozen or so central characters, wearing both the blue and the grey, move forward to the conflict. On the Confederate side, the standouts are General Forrest, a bombastic, semilitaristic slave trader who leads a ferocious cavalry charge, and Captain Hamilton LeRoy Acos, a mild Georgian who, though weary of war, wields a mighty sword in a lunatic moment at Fort Pillow.

The Union side is perhaps more unattractively vivid. Fort Pillow's second-ranking officer is Major Will Bradford, who before the war was a Northern sympathizer in plantation climes. A sleazy, ambitious, jake-leg lawyer, he had run unsuccessfully for the state legislature and vainly courted Good Old Southern Family belles. With secession, he joined the Union army. Knowing clearly enough that no matter who wins the war he will be forced to leave his homeland hills in the end, Bradford lives "in a dry bitterness."

Rude Indignities. Second Lieut. Jonathan Endicott Seabury, a Bostonian idealist and Ivy League mama's boy still wet behind the diploma, is another of Fort Pillow's defenders. He "asked specifically for a colored regiment," dreaming of how he could teach Negro troops "English or history or geography" and monitor the happy spirituals that he fancied they would sing around their fires. He is ill prepared for the reality he encounters: dirty, sly, half-slaves whom he must train to fire field-pieces without live ammunition. Thus he hides the gradual erosion of his soul by secretly rehearsing the noble death he plans to die in defense of Fort Pillow—protecting his cowed troops, daring the Rebels to kill him, instructing them to let his poor charges live. In the end, Seabury is amazed by the uncomplaining way in which his men die, and finds more irony and tury in himself than he had reason to suspect.

Some readers will be offended by the highly explicit manner in which Author Lentz describes the rude indignities heaped on the ignorant Negro troops by their white superiors, or the meanness shown by Confederate recruiters as they drag 16-year-old boys away from their homes to fight and die. There is reason to believe, however, that Lentz tells it the way it was.

Tenants of the Past

THE BRIDAL CANOPY by S. Y. Agnon. 389 pages. Schocken Books. \$5.95.

IN THE HEART OF THE SEAS by S. Y. Agnon. 128 pages. Schocken Books. \$3.95.

TWO TALES by S. Y. Agnon. 237 pages. Schocken Books. \$4.95.

QUIET, AGNON IS WRITING, reads a street sign in Talpith, a fir-shaded suburb of Jerusalem. It honors the solitude of Israel's most beloved and most retiring author, Shmuel Yosef Agnon, 78, who until recently was almost unknown in the West. Lately, a steady tide of visitors has disobeyed the sign and trespassed on the austere hospitality of his house, which offers only a few folding chairs to guests. Israel counts Agnon a cultural hero, studies his work in its schools, and has given him a hero's place since he returned from Stockholm last December with the 1966 Nobel Prize for Literature.²

The West has a fresh chance to examine this distant literary figure. Some of his books were translated into English in the 1930s, but they attracted little notice. Now his publisher has placed three Agnon titles in U.S. bookstores, where they are selling with a briskness that owes much to simple curiosity.

Transcending Orthodoxy. Agnon's stubborn tenacity of the past sets formidable obstacles before the Gentile reader, or before anyone unfamiliar and



GENERAL FORREST

Possessed of a particular brutality.

value. Manned by former Negro slaves pressed into Union blue and by stringy white Tennessee hillmen whom the Rebels considered traitors to the Southern cause, it was a special insult to Confederate pride. Thus it was almost fatally marked out for a particular brutality. Forrest's men were themselves a motley lot by parade-ground standards: reluctant conscripts, looting Texans, Mississippi red-hots.

Although it seems incredible that a single square foot of Civil War battleground has remained unchronicled or unofficialized, American writers long ignored this episode, perhaps because it reflected glory on neither Union nor Confederate colors (there was to be a congressional investigation of the scandalously inept, beer-blurred defense of Fort Pillow by its federal troopers). Now the story has been told in a first novel of remarkable merit.

Lunatic Moment. Precocious Perry Carlton Lentz, born in Alabama 79 years after the massacre, started writing *The Falling Hills* as an honors project



S. Y. AGNON

Heroes with a disconcerting universality.

unconcerned with Jewish tradition. His prose is majestically—at times annoyingly—Talmudic and is not easily translated from the Hebrew. Nor is his spirit, which is strongly flavored with Hasidism, an 18th century Jewish movement with strong emotional appeal to an op-

² Which Agnon shared with Jewish poet Nelly Sachs, who lives in Sweden.

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tree
is a
family
tree...



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please,
only you can
prevent
forest
fires

pressed and homeless people. Hasidism urged Jews to find joy in prayer and in their lot—an antidote to the despair of exile. The existence of the State of Israel has helped dissipate the Hasidic appeal. But Agnon's spirit, his heart and his books still cherish the time when the Jew's chief sustenance was a dream.

In *The Heart of the Seas* sends a group of Jews from Galicia—now a part of Poland and the Ukraine, where Agnon was born—on a perilous but successful journey to the Holy Land. For Jews in Eastern Europe, that hegira is still difficult and at times even heart-breaking. But for most other Jews who want to go, the move is now free of serious obstacles, and further eased by El Al stewardesses—which is one reason why Agnon's rolling cadences in this story lose much of their meaning.

More often, Agnon transcends the Orthodoxy of his material. In *The Bridal Canopy*, the Hasid Reb Yudel Nathanson, a deliberately quixotic hero, half saint, half shlemiel, sets out to beg a dowry for his daughters. The book is one long metaphor for the wandering Jew, but Agnon heroes have a disconcerting universality. "A difficult thing to grasp," says Reb Yudel, pondering war. "What satisfaction do the kings derive in sending folk of this countryside to another land and folk of another land to this countryside? What difference does it make to the Angel of Death whether he has to come here or go there?"

The Bridal Canopy is a frame story, and the tales that Agnon tells along Reb Yudel's digressive way fill the landscape with a teeming humanity. Like Yudel himself, the characters appeal to readers of any faith: the pompous petty official totally unstrung by the disappearance of his cat; the husband whose love for his sterile wife crumbles at last before the siege of his kin; the cantor whose heavenly wife dissolves the synagogue in tears—and who gets blind drunk on a holy day.

Supernatural Fables. *Two Tales* is the one book among the three translations that should prompt U.S. readers to endorse the Nobel committee's judgment. Symbolic and supernatural fables, masterpieces of the form, they help to explain why Agnon has been compared to Kafka. In *Betrothed*, the heroine Susan suddenly appears before the hero, a young scientist on the threshold of a brilliant career, to remind him of the vows of fidelity he had sworn as children. Susan is the past: alluring, insistent; and the compulsion she represents is as enduring as mankind's yearning for its departed youth. Agnon does not solve the dilemma any more than life does. He ends by planting doubts about Susan's reality. Did the past, once gone, ever exist?

Edo and Enam, the second tale, develops much the same theme. Gemulah, the wife of Gabriel Gamzu, has been transplanted from an ancient land to modern Israel, and begins to wither like a flower torn from the soil. When the



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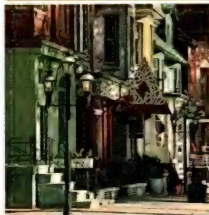
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moon is full, she speaks in a tongue long dead and sings songs of uncertainly beauty—all of this recorded by an unreal, evanescent figure named Ginath.

At last Gemulah sings the song of Grofith, a mythical bird who dies with the last note. She dies too, along with her mysterious auditor. It is Agnon's anguished challenge to his own quest: the past is alien, and unrecoverable, and he who seeks it is destined to live in the limbo between the sunset and the dawn.

Girl with Green Ink

CASUALTIES OF PEACE by Edna O'Brien. 175 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$4.50.

Books by girls, especially those grown-up girls who get their diary jottings published under the guise of novels, should be read by other girls. The best of them have the quality of gossip—a mixture of fact and fantasy, malice and love, like those little confidences that were once whispered in Victorian dormitories. Edna O'Brien, who wrote *The Lonely Girl* (which became a smashing film as *The Girl with the Green Eyes*), does so well in this genre that the male reader feels like an eavesdropper. She seems to burble on in all innocence, but can take the hide off the back of any man's vanity. She writes in ink as green as Irish grass—or vitriol.

Patsy, an Irish maid, and Tom, a Dublin jackeen, work for an artful lady named Willa McCord, who makes stained-glass windows. Both Patsy and Willa have trouble with sexual matters. Patsy takes off, leaving a farewell note after ten pages of a Molly-Bloom-type soliloquy. Sample unthoughts about her un-man: "The noise he made when he swallowed; his smelly feet!" Obviously, such a fellow as Tom deserves to be cuckolded. Patsy's choice is a chap named Ron, and together they "could knock spots off the Kinsey report."

Willa meanwhile has dreams of being

murdered, as well she might, but female realism always defeats female fantasy. "Sauce was too rich at dinner" is Patsy's diagnosis. Willa is that most unlikely of women—one who is frightened of men. She almost gets over this block after a weekend with a jaded Jamaican named Auro, who has "the palest Negro skin" she has ever seen. When she arrives back home after dark, the poor dopey male, Tom, is waiting at the gate to punish his faithless Patsy. "He rose as she went through the gate and acted so deftly that the scream she let out got lost in her throat as a wail. She died with her back to him and as she fell, he helped her down." Then he saw that it was poor Willa.

With this mistaken-identity murder, the novel ceases to be girl talk, and it is over before anyone really notices it. If there is a moral in this, and there probably is not, it is that old aphorism to the effect that women may be pretty choosy about whom they sleep with but will marry practically anyone.

Seeds in the Sagebrush

PRINT IN A WILD LAND by John Myers Myers. 274 pages. Doubleday. \$5.95.

*Ho, on the brink of hell, we've cooked for you
This pot of dope, this mass of desert stew,*

*This warm collation, hot with sulphurous fumes,
And if it suits not, you know what to do.*

So the Greenwater (Calif.) Chuck-Walla warned readers, and the plucky little newspaper more than lived up to its lusty pledge—at least as long as it lived. The Chuck-Walla was one of innumerable fly-by-night newspapers that flourished on the Western frontier. Their exuberant, quarrelsome editors are now a forgotten breed. But, as Author John Myers Myers (*The Alamo*, *San Francisco's Reign of Terror*) makes clear, they were as much a fixture of the 19th century Western scene as outlaws and lawmen. Some Westerners were as passionate about putting out a paper as others were about accumulating cattle or prospecting for gold.

Glorified Shacks. They could have made a better living doing almost anything else. They seldom stayed long in one place, toting their ramshackle presses from one cluster of shacks in the sagebrush to the next. In their papers, they glorified each new stopping place as the seed of a surging city, though in fact they often went bankrupt, and some of the towns themselves disappeared. Two San Francisco papers, the *California Star* and the *Californian*, folded overnight when the city was emptied by the 1848 gold rush. William J. Forbes, who published the *Virginia City* (Nev.) *Daily Trespass*, gave up in disgust. "Of 20 men," he said, "19 patronize the saloons and one the newspaper, and I am going with the

FROM DRAWING IN LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, JULY 10, 1856



KING (LEFT) & CASEY (1856)
And elections were harvesttime.

crowd." He opened a saloon. But when he had built up a sufficient stake, he once again started a newspaper.

Saloons were the most reliable advertisers because they were never short of funds on the hard-drinking frontier. Editors had to coddle other advertisers by playing up their names and wares in the news columns, a practice that hardly died with the old West. Politicians advertised occasionally. "An election was harvesttime," said Harry Ellington Brook, who put out the *Quijotito*, Ariz., *Prospector*. "There was a graduated rate, running from \$10 for a Coroner to \$250 for a Sheriff. The price charged included a commensurate amount of favorable mention."

Improvising Poetry. To the frontier editor, a pistol was as crucial as a composing stick. Irate readers were all too likely to reply with bullets instead of letters. Some editors were careful not to sleep twice in the same spot because so many of their colleagues had been shot at in their beds. Editors regularly attacked each other in print—and in person. James King, publisher of the *San Francisco Evening Bulletin*, and James P. Casey, publisher of the *San Francisco Times*, settled their differences in a classic encounter. Casey gunned down King, and Casey, in turn, was lynched by vigilantes. Editors had to handle reporters with care. In 1884, Thomas S. Harris, a reporter for the *Los Angeles Republican*, became so irritated with his editor, Charles Whitehead, that he shot him dead.

When news was short, editors improvised. They resorted to poetry and Latin and printed irreverent homilies, such as this one from the *Virginia City* (Mont.) *Weekly Republican*: "Brigham Young agrees to confine himself to one woman, if every member of Congress will do the same." And they were not above publishing fiction as fact. Mark Twain got his start in just this way when he was working for the *Virginia City* (Nev.) *Territorial Enterprise*. In one grisly fabrication, he described how a man murdered his wife and nine children, inflicted a mortal wound on himself, then rode four miles on horseback to a saloon where he brandished his wife's scalp. The tipplers, reported Twain, were much amused.



EDNA O'BRIEN
Vitriol in the grass, alas.



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